20c DECEMBER 8, 1952 THE BUSINESSMAN'S PRIVATE PRESS—page 9

New Republic

SOVIET ANTI-SEMITISM

The Threat of the Prague Trials

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Essays and Reviews by

JOHN CROWE RANSOM
JACQUES BARZUN
KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN
JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN
JAMES R. NEWMAN
ARTHUR MIZENER
DUDLEY FITTS
KATHLEEN RAINE

Notable Books of 1952

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DEC 4 1952

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Letters

Keeping Stevenson Going

● A miracle (?) has happened. The *New Republic*, which during the latter part of the Presidential campaign, took two more weeks to reach the Hollywood newsstands than my mail box, is suddenly back on schedule, and your booklet "Adlai Stevenson, the Man and His Views" has just made its appearance on our largest one.

Your article "The One-Party Press Pays Off" (*NR*, Nov. 17) reminds me of the day Ike's pictures were all over the front of the Los Angeles *Times* (as he was visiting here); but the one picture of Stevenson on the inside was of him in a car passing Republican Headquarters with "I Like Ike" banners above his head.

Well, now that Ike's in, I expect to back him to the hilt by heckling our California Senators and Representatives who dare to oppose him when he tries to keep his fabulous promises. Meantime I'm putting 10 cents a week into my "Stevenson for '56" bank so I'll have at least $20 for next time and I'll be glad to send my $1 a month to "Stevenson Speaks" to keep him on the air as soon as I learn where to contribute. . . .

Hollywood, Calif. M. G. STILES

● You are doing a wonderful job to partially offset the "One-Party Press." Also, I would like to contribute to any fund that would keep Governor Stevenson before the radio and television public. We must hold fast to our newly found gem.

New York City JEANNE LEVEY

● We are among the people who would like to have Adlai Stevenson speak to the American people . . . but think it should be sponsored by some group, possibly non-partisan which is responsible and above reproach. . . . We thought very highly of the way Mr. Stevenson conducted his campaign and think he has already contributed something worthwhile to our world.

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT ROSENSTEIN
Rivera, Calif.

● Governor Stevenson should be on the air if at all possible. Also, how about having articles in *New Republic* by him? We certainly were grateful for the Stevenson speeches in *New Republic*. Speeches that were not broadcast here.

MR. AND MRS. KARL G. NELSON
St. Paul, Minn.

● In reply to the question as to whether contributions were in order to further Stevenson's radio and TV appearances, I would like to say that as a 16-year-old student and reader of your magazine, I am all for it.

When and if this idea materializes I would like to be one of the first to make a contribution. I am sure I am not only speaking for myself but for my family, friends and countless thousands who are again eager to hear Stevenson talk sense to the American people. . . .

San Rafael, Calif. CYNTHIA ALLARD

[Here is a list of others who have written in expressing a desire to contribute to a fund to keep Stevenson on the air. If you would like your name added to the list write to us.—THE EDITORS.]

Paul Baker, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Miss Elva M. Bramhall, Washington, Iowa; Lucile Fuller, Chicago, Ill.; Lucy A. Goletthwaite, Yorktown Heights, New York; Miss Dorothy Harbin, Brookhaven, Ga.; Jeanelle H. Hart, Bethesda, Md.; Ellen Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. M. R. Oliver, Watchill, R. I.; George H. Simpson, Portland, Ore.; Maud E. Snay, Manhattan Beach, Calif.; Sumner E. Thompson, Hamburg, Mich.; Victor S. Yarros, La Jolla, Calif.; Mrs. Richard E. Yates, Conway, Ark.

A Column For Stevenson

● . . . While I truly believe that Stevenson should be entirely free to determine his own role, I can't help hoping that his original field, journalism, may beckon as our press becomes less and less free. A syndicated daily column certainly would be welcome. If he should publish such a column, there would be a lot for all of us to do in getting our newspapers to run the column. With a campaign directed at major advertisers I think we could win out but it would have to be an organized campaign. Just a straw in the wind—but at least a few people are refusing to make purchases at Sears Roebuck because of Wood's part in the McCarthy dinner. . . .

Minneapolis, Minn. MARION GANNON

The One Party Press

● Your issue of November 17 is wonderful. "The One-Party Press" is a masterful and completely accurate analysis of a dangerous situation. It has become impossible to rely on the press for fair, unbiased, informative and enlightening coverage of anything. The masses have been so successfully doped by the press, movies, TV and radio, that if the truth were presented to them, it seems doubtful even now that the capacity to discriminate exists.

I am a new subscriber, having taken

(Continued on page 4)

Bandwagon

Positively!

In Washington, the Internal Revenue Bureau hung a steel-barred door over the entrance to its main offices. Any reference to a horse is positively coincidental.—*From the Cincinnati* Post.

Cut Off Your Nose

If Negroes and white people are to be mixed indiscriminately on passenger trains in the South, more and more white people will stop using the trains.—*Editorial in the Charleston, S. C.* News and Courier.

Not Uplifting Enough

The residents of Cahuenga Pass are protesting against plans to build a brassiere factory there. They say: "Let us remember it was in this pass that Gen. John C. Fremont signed the treaty that made California part of the United States."—*From an AP dispatch.*

Proof Positive

There is little evidence that newspapers were responsible for Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's election, Palmer Hoyt, editor and publisher of the Denver *Post* said.

"The fact that Democrats won the five preceding Presidential elections although the bulk of the press favored Republicans," Hoyt said, "is the most eloquent proof of the fairness of the American press as a whole."—*From an AP dispatch.*

And Let's Him Stay Out?

"I think your magazine is fine. . . . Where it really ranks is in selling the American Legion to my wife. A year ago the Legion was in a class with the Fire Dept., the G.F. and Chapter, one of the things that kept me out nights. Now it ranks with her church. . . . She even stops to congratulate the pickets in front of the movies now. . . ."—*From a letter to the editor in* American Legion *magazine.*

Thank Goodness There Are Still a Few!

Today a fashionable suburban shop leashes a pedigreed French poodle near the entrance with a gold-braided uniformed attendant to greet its dog-walking clientele and publicize poodle cloth coats. Now, as ages ago, GOOD ideas are at a premium.—*From an advertisement in the New York* Times.

A Republican Cloth Coat?

. . . Mrs. Eisenhower wore a black brocaded dress, a string of pearls, a pink scarf, long gloves and a mink coat. She appeared very happy.—*From the Washington, D.C., Evening* Star.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1952 IN the USA BY WESTBURY PUBLICATIONS, INC., PUBLISHING OFFICE 301 N ST., N.E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C. EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO 1416 F ST., N.W., WASHINGTON 4, D.C. BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO 40 EAST 49th ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER SEPTEMBER 26, 1950, AT THE POST OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 20c; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $6.50; CANADA AND FOREIGN, $7.50.

WASHINGTON WIRE

WHAT ARE the facts of Korea? America succored a little country for a lofty purpose: to check aggression and make the UN police force a reality. Chinese intervention produced a stalemate, a stalemate the US has reluctantly accepted. America seeks to end the war, and the one and only issue that blocks this is the prisoner issue. The UN says prisoners should not be compelled to go home since it would mean death for many captive North Koreans. Vishinsky says any form of the Indian plan that gives prisoners any choice is unacceptable. What does this mean? It appears to mean that at long last Moscow admits it doesn't want peace. The US entered and maintained the war for idealistic goals; we have every selfish reason for getting out, for one-third of our total combat strength is entangled in that remote area, gravely limiting our reserves. We have remained steadfast while our motives were twisted in Moscow, assailed by isolationists at home and impugned by once-liberal groups in Britain and on the continent. When MacArthur got obstreperous, he was yanked out. On the whole our record is good, even with our mistakes. We now face a grave decision as Ike goes to Korea. The present war of attrition is working slowly to our disadvantage. Shall we get out—and kill the UN? Or must we continue entangled indefinitely or resume the offensive? Let one thing be said while these terrible choices are weighed—it is not the US as so frequently asserted by the USSR which is constantly keeping alive the awful hazard of world war three.

We have been wandering through Democratic corridors in Washington trying to find the focus of opposition to the new GOP Administration. It's not easy to find. Practically everywhere the story is the same: shell-shock, and outgoing officials more interested in what happens to them than what happens to the party. Actually the Democrats have a good chance of winning in 1956. For the first time in modern history an election gave a landslide to a candidate but not to his party; the GOP has just enough votes in Congress to make it responsible for whatever happens.

Democrats now need two things supremely: (1) a research staff that can **give a detailed, cross-file reference to every promise Ike made in the campaign**, and (2) a publicity director like the famous Charlie Michelson who can headline the inconsistencies already appearing. Once again it is little Harry Truman almost alone who has his eye on the ball—almost alone; his talks with Adlai Stevenson in Washington this week should be productive.

Rarely has the responsibility for a political administration been pinned so publicly and specifically upon one economic class as Ike has pinned his on big business. It is good that it is so, for it ends misunderstanding. Ike made two sets of promises in the campaign. A staunch friend of Ike, Elliott Bell, publisher of *Business Week*, gave the classic juxtaposition of these two sets in a straight-faced talk before the Economic Club, N. Y., Nov. 18:

"The new administration is pledged to thrift, frugality, economy, efficiency. The 'crazy spending of the national government must be cut down,' 'the deficits must be eliminated,' inflation controlled and taxes reduced.

"At the same time the farm program is to be expanded, social security extended to millions not now covered, reclamation projects advanced and new high-level employment and prosperity maintained."

The dignified audience tittered at this —certainly this could mean everything to everybody. What did Ike really

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mean? His choice of a Hoover-type cabinet of corporate power answers the question—the emphasis will be on the first group of pledges.

We offer sidelights on only two of the lesser Eisenhower appointees. Texas womanhood is honored by the appointment of Oveta Culp Hobby to head the Federal Security Administration. She is the editor and co-publisher of the right-wing Houston *Post*; during the election she ran the serialized book of Sen. Joe McCarthy as her contribution to Ike's Texas victory.

And the ineffable Harold Stassen bobs up to head the Mutual Security Administration. This merely shows how mistaken we were in thinking Harold had been counted out for good. By GOP standards, however, Stassen is a "liberal." It will be entertaining to see him dispensing US foreign aid, for he has repeatedly advocated cutting off dollars from countries that nationalize their industries, as recently as last May in an interview with the magazine *US News & World Report*. But Stassen's chief recent claim to fame was when he "did a McCarthy" against Ambassador Philip C. Jessup. His inflamed account last year of what allegedly transpired at a State Department advisory citizens' group in October, 1949, blocked Jessup's Senate confirmation as UN delegate. Others called Stassen's charge that there was a "prevailing group" of pro-Communists at the meeting preposterous. Stassen caught headlines, too, in charging that Jessup advocated recognition of China at a White House meeting February 5, 1949. When the State Department showed Jessup was in New York at the time, Stassen made other charges.

Notes: "Most Washington columnists are writing on the Socialist side," Sen. George Smathers (D, Fla.) told a Tampa audience last week; Smathers' exceptions: David Lawrence and Constantine Brown. . . . Trade unionists are no more reassured by GOP comment that the new Ike cabinet of millionaires is "not anti-labor" than business would be if an all labor cabinet were described as "not anti-business."

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

advantage of your generous 13-week offer. When this period has expired, I am looking forward to continuing the subscription indefinitely. True liberal publications are becoming scarcer and scarcer. If only your good publication enjoyed the wide circulation that the fatuous, superficial and blatant, stupid and lying magazines which glare and blare from every corner, seem to have. . . .

Chicago, Ill. LUCILE FULLER

● I think the *New Republic* is splendid. The article on the "One Party Press" pointed out just what I have observed. And I am glad to see the way you stand up for civil liberties—which few do today.

Watch Hill, R. I. MRS. M. R. OLIVER

● There are times when I think I can't afford to keep up my subscription to your magazine, and others—I would a lot rather, for instance, spend this $11 for a new skirt or a blouse.

But during the campaign there were so few publications that seemed to be concerned with the national interest rather than the interest of the Republican Party, and so few people reading them, that I feel I have to help hold the line in my own small way. I am, therefore, glad to renew my subscription for two years to the *New Republic*.

Helene, Mont. KATHERINE ORCHARD

● It was certainly interesting to note the large spread your magazine devoted to the theme of a one-party press. The ironical part of the article was that the *New Republic* has been solidly entrenched with the Democratic Party for many past issues.

You abhor the large syndicated newspapers, hiding the true facts about Stevenson and his party; yet you, yourself have consistently failed to show that there was anything more to the Republican Party than isolationism, depression and "fat" millionaires. I think to some extent you underestimate the intelligence of your audience.

Even people with sincere feelings of liberalism begin to wonder at your lack of intelligent liberalism in your editorials.

Magazines, such as yours, have a responsibility to the people as much or more than do the large Republican press you mentioned. That obligation demands of you, and your staff, a whole-hearted attempt at objectivity. . . .

Baltimore, Md. ROBERT H. HAMMOND

An Analysis of the Ike Vote

● I have been in politics since the 1892 campaign on the low level, directly in contact with the average voter.

However I have had insight to the higher levels. I have been delegate to three national conventions, over 40 state conventions, served 28 years in the legislature, have known three Presidents and 10 Governors.

My town has 2,750 Democratic voters. I know at least 2,500 of them—there was no dent made in our vote before October 25.

On October 25 Ike started his promise to get our boys out of the trenches and replace them with South Korean troops.

He hammered away at it every day.

On November 3 I found, from talks with voters, that we would lose at least 200 votes of mothers of boys of the draft age, and lads and girls casting their first vote deciding by the same issue.

We lost nearer 250, about 100 cutting Stevenson and voting the rest Democratic, around 150 going way over to the straight Republican ticket.

Ware, Mass. REV. ROLAND D. SAWYER

Morse, Kefauver, Humphrey

● I was very pleased to read in your November 17 issue the articles written by Senators Morse, Kefauver and Humphrey.

It is a great asset to know the liberal cause will have these spokesmen in the Congress the next two to four years.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa FREDERICK J. MILLER

A Job for Stevenson

● May I suggest an excellent job for Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson as soon as he goes out of office in Illinois.

I would suggest that he write a book on the election campaign, giving a *complete* analysis and his interpretation of it. I'm sure with his brilliant mind and keen sense of humor it could be a devastating book. It should certainly be a financial success as he has 26 million devoted supporters and some of the opposition would be forced to read it out of curiosity if for no other reason. I would like to see him answer the McCarthy smear, the Nixon attacks etc. when he has time to really apply himself to them.

He could, of course, since he is not by profession an author, receive a tax exemption through capital gains and this one book could make him independently wealthy. Thus putting him in a fine position for the 1956 campaign.

Hollywood, Calif. PEARL O. MOORE

Correction

[The chart listing the newspapers surveyed by the *NR* ("One-Party Press Pays Off," Nov. 17) contained two missprints: The Miami *News* should not be listed as a Knight paper; the Minneapolis *Star* should be listed as Minneapolis *Tribune*. The text of the story did not contain either of these errors. — THE EDITORS.]

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VOLUME 127, NUMBER 23, ISSUE 1984, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 8, 1952

New Republic

"RATS, SNAKES, CANNIBALS"—AND JEWS

IN 1947 a group of conspirators met in Washington. They included President Truman, Secretary Acheson, Henry L. Morgenthau, and also David Ben-Gurion and Moshe Sharrett, now Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Israel. These men agreed on the "Morgenthau Plan" to make all Zionist organizations branches of our espionage network. They set them to work spying on the "people's democracies" in the interests of "American world domination."

That at least is the story related in the official indictment of 14 Communist leaders in Prague. There was, of course, no Morgenthau Plan and no state of Israel in 1947; Henry Morgenthau was not a Zionist; Ben-Gurion was first introduced to Truman in 1951; Sharrett in 1952. But these are facts—as unimportant in lands beyond the reach of truth as the facts about the Protocol of Zion. The important development is restored to life, backed by Soviet power.

For five years all forms of Jewish identity have been under attack in Russia. Jewish clubs and Yiddish schools have been closed. Jewish writers, poets, philosophers and scholars have been condemned as "rootless cosmopolitans." Jewish Communists have been dismissed from Soviet ruling circles. The necessity of "absolute loyalty" dictated these moves, and the fear, confirmed by the demonstrations that greeted Mrs. Golda Myerson at a Moscow synagogue in 1949, that Russian Jews had abiding sympathy for Israel. Stalin like Hitler moved against the Jews, but for their ideas and not their blood and in his own quiet way. There was no effort then to incite mob violence; to make of anti-Semitism a scapegoat for mass frustration and misery.

Three million Jews lived in Russia and Eastern Europe at the war's end. None were allowed out of Russia. But from the satellite nations the Zionist organizations and later the government of Israel were able to rescue many thousands of Jews. In Bulgaria 70,000 Jews were allowed to emigrate in the early days of the new dictatorship. In Hungary 80,000 were allowed to leave. The Communist governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia were sympathetic to emigration. The Rumanian dictatorship treated its Jewish citizens as hostages and released 150,000 for high ransom, paid in the form of fees for health, embarkation and property inspection.

The new state of Israel welcomed these emigrants despite desperate shortages of housing, clothing and all consumer goods. Today it offers hardship but safe haven after lives of unendurable suffering. But in the satellite nations alone, 600,000 Jews remain.

They remain, perhaps as hostages. So Ben-Gurion, analyzing the Prague trials, confessed: "I would be happy to be sure that the entire matter would end with this trial, but I am afraid that it will lead to something tragic and awful."

In these trials, which follow the standard operating procedure of the Soviet purges in every other respect, anti-Semitism breaks the surface as a new force in Communism. The procedure has always been to destroy individuals, organizations and ideas by identifying them with treachery. Now Zionism joins sabotage wrecking and espionage as an anti-Communist crime. The American Joint Distribution Committee, an organization to aid refugees, is identified in the indictment as having "developed espionage and sabotage activity." The Overseas News Agency is branded as a nest of spies created by General Bedell Smith. Mordecai Oren, an Israeli Communist-sympathizer, describes the "Zionist espionage network," implicating the 14 defendants, of whom 11 are Jews. Rudolf Slansky, who became a Communist Party organizer at 23, admits that he was really a "Jewish capitalist" all along, and adds in reciting his crimes:

> I deliberately shielded them [the Zionist conspirators] by abusing the campaign against so-called anti-Semitism, by proposing that a campaign be waged against anti-Semitism, by magnifying the danger of anti-Semitism. . . . I criminally prevented the waging of a campaign against Zionism . . . by publicly speaking out against the people who pointed to the hostile activities of Zionists and by describing these people as anti-Semites. . . .

That is not strictly anti-Semitism, and no doubt in the strictest sense the Soviet leaders are not anti-Semitic. But the border line is a fine one, given a Jewish nation; too fine to be honored by hard-pressed peoples, brought up in anti-Semitism and ruled in war years by the Nazis. The poison is carried by every Communist radio and paper through the once-infected veins of Eastern Europe. And in Bratislava, inscriptions appear on walls, "Down with the capitalist Jews" and "Jews live here."

Is the Prague trial the beginning of "something tragic and awful," or is Czechoslovakia a case apart? Czechoslovakia's resistance movement is outstanding among the

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satellites, and she has held production below established goals; her living standards were highest before the Communist putsch; her Skoda works shipped armaments, for hard currency, to Israel to be used against the Arab nations. So the exposure of "traitors" and the punishment of scapegoats adds strength to Communism in Eastern Europe and the Middle East. Beyond this the trial serves warning on all Jews who remain under Communist rule that from now on Zionism, even Jewish activity, is a crime punishable by death.

Will it end with this one warning? It cannot. Conditions are hard in Hungary where a Jewish Premier bears responsibility; in Poland where Gomulka is under suspicion; in Rumania where Ana Pauker may be next. In Eastern Germany where anti-Semitism is strongest Soviet enforced rearmament is creating new hardships and making new demands. In all these nations, Jewish intellectuals provided the guiding brains of Communism during years of Fascism and exile. Now these leaders are identified with Moscow and with misery. Resentment flourishes against them and leads to Titoism. So they become "rats, snakes and cannibals" in the words of the Prosecutor of Prague. As new tough leaders are developed from the workers of each satellite nation, the scapegoats perform their last service, taking the blame for all accumulated hatreds as they confess and repent and are led off to be shot.

All this points to new trials and with them new outbreaks against the Jews in Eastern Europe. However, in contrast with Hitler's Germany, the decisions in each case will be made with a cold calculation of the profit and the loss. What can we do but wait?

In making our own calculations of profit and loss, the US must avoid what may be a Soviet trap—to exacerbate relations between the Arab States and Israel. But if the losses of anti-Semitism cannot be increased, its profits beyond the Communist borders can be reduced. The way is to attack all latent anti-Semitism at its source. Perhaps the most hopeful counter action is the resolution introduced in the United Nations by many members and now endorsed by the Israeli spokesman, which calls on the Arab nations and Israel to join in conference until they find a basis for peace.

EISENHOWER AND THE WAR IN ASIA

WE CALLED the Indian resolution on Korea a victory for Soviet Russia. On the contrary, Vishinsky declared, it was wholly unacceptable and stood as proof that India is the servile catspaw of American imperialism.

There are two obvious explanations of Russia's attitude. The first is that the forcible repatriation of all prisoners of war really is a cardinal issue in which the Kremlin cannot yield. If this is so, it is because desertion is contagious. The Soviet leaders will never forget the widespread desertion of their own citizens in World War II, and they wish to make it absolutely clear that no desertion will be tolerated when and if a third world war gets underway. Therefore, the Communist prisoners who wish to desert must be denied the opportunity, even at the cost (to China) of continuing the Korean War. This is depressing, not alarming, news. But the second explanation is alarming. It is that Russia desires the Korean War to continue in order to carry out military expansion in South Asia. There, in Indo-China, France is again on the defensive in a war that drains her strength and weakens her will to lead in Europe. Against her weary soldiers, new units have appeared, armed with Soviet munitions.

France is no longer fighting for her own dominion in Indo-China. That dominion is over. She is fighting because she cannot withdraw and maintain her standing as a world power and her protectorates in North Africa. Our interests differ, or they should, but a Communist victory in Indo-China that would open a road to all South Asia could be an irretrievable loss.

Today the Communists seem to place first priority on Korea. The Communist attacks there, backed by Soviet artillery, may be to rectify the line that will become permanent when the armistice is signed. But if there is to be no armistice, the purpose of the attack seems instead to pin down 250,000 American troops while a new thrust develops in the interior of Indo-China that will leave the French in possession of a few ports and no more.

If this is true, then it is futile for Eisenhower to reassess the conditions of an armistice or an offensive in Korea and to consider the replacement of US troops by South Koreans with no further plans for our resources in mind. All Asia forms one front in Communist planning, if not for the West. Subordinate officials in many agencies have struggled with makeshift plans. For many reasons, there is a need in Asia for intervention at the Presidential level. If Eisenhower goes on from Korea to Saigon, and from Saigon to Delhi, he can make the redemption of a shallow commitment an outstanding event in his Presidency.

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McKAY—WHERE ICKES STOOD

by Jean Begeman

THE CONSERVATION of our incomparable resources has been a vision beyond the boundaries of political parties. Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and Harold Ickes were in our lifetimes three outstanding conservationists and all were Republicans. Now, in the post of guardian and overseer of our resources that Harold Ickes made one of the most important in the nation, stands another Republican—Douglas McKay.

When General Eisenhower announced his appointment of the Oregon Governor as Secretary of the Interior, the Wall Street *Journal* reported:

> [McKay] is a proponent of public power and of government reclamation projects—but with a difference. He wants the people of the states affected to have a voice, and he wants to let private utilities do the dam-building wherever they are able and willing. One token of his position: He has opposed the idea of creating any Columbia River Authority, modeled on the TVA.

That is the most accurate thumb-nail sketch of the Governor to appear since his appointment. Although he has been in politics since 1933, and is serving his second term as Governor, not much was known about McKay, and the editorial writers, even of the big metropolitan dailies, carried only a line or two praising the appointment of "a Westerner" as caretaker of our vast national resources. So far as the public is concerned, McKay has managed somehow to remain an unknown and, with the exception of his outspoken opposition to federal ownership of tidelands and a CVA, his views are nebulous. His record, however, is clear.

McKay is for public power—"but with a difference," as the Wall Street *Journal* points out. That "difference" in the Department of the Interior can mean millions of dollars to the government and to the taxpayers—or it can mean millions of dollars to the cattle and sheep industry, the oil and gas companies, the private-power utilities and other lobbies that have long been frustrated in their efforts to stop federal development of our natural resources.

The Bureau of Reclamation this year passed the half-century mark. This single branch of Interior has developed over 17,000 miles of irrigation canals, furnished water to millions of acres of farm land and constructed 16 major power dams over the strong opposition of many Congressmen and lobbyists for the utility companies. Today the private interests are attempting to move into the public-power districts in order to dictate the sale of power at the districts in order to dictate the sale of power at the "bus bar" on their own terms and convert large potential savings to consumers from these federal projects into increased monopoly profits. Will Douglas McKay—like Harold Ickes and Oscar Chapman before him—fight for the principle that public power should be used for the benefit of all the people, not for the private-power companies? As an exponent of public power, McKay has frequently sided with the piecemeal planning of the Army Engineers in jurisdictional controversies with Interior Department bureaus that have found consolidated planning less costly and greatly more efficient in the long run.

McKay, whose home is in the Willamette Valley where he is a Chevrolet dealer at Salem, has been one of the leading advocates of a flood-control and power project for the tributaries of the Willamette River—a project supervised by the Army Corps of Engineers. When McKay steps into office, he will be faced with the job of asking Congress to appropriate almost $5 billion for Western reclamation projects alone. The budget next year includes:

$3.2 billion—Klamath River Project (which extends from Oregon to the Imperial Valley of California);

$1.1 billion—Upper Colorado River Project (which includes Colorado, Utah and New Mexico);

$200 million—Trinity River Project of California;

$104 million—Sacramento Canals (a network of irrigation canals in the California valley from Sacramento and Trinity Rivers);

$190 million—King's River Project of California.

Will McKay permit Rep. John Taber (R, N.Y.), the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee who has earned the title of "ax-man" in Congress, to slash or scuttle these projects? Or will he take a strong stand before House and Senate committees in an effort to continue the public-power program?

As Governor, McKay's policy has been to shy away from controversial issues. Even his exact stand on Hell's Canyon Dam, the dominant power issue in his own region, is not really known, and at various times he has edged toward both sides of the question. As a member of the Oregon State Senate in 1947, from which position he stepped to the Governorship, he was one of only three state Senators who opposed a bill suspending the acquisition authority of the State Hydroelectric Act. The powerful Idaho Power Company had requested suspen-

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sion with the hope of building a small dam free from state possession on the Snake River separating Idaho and Oregon. The bill was passed by the legislature but organized labor and the National Grange invoked a referendum and defeated the bill in the 1948 election. McKay's Senate vote against the bill was a major factor in his election that year because his Democratic gubernatorial opponent had been one of the backers of the power-interest measure.

The Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management oversees 180 million acres of public land in the United States, 290 million acres in Alaska, and maintains mineral rights on 55 million acres owned by private citizens. An additional 200 million acres of public land are owned by the forest service, the soil conservation and fish and wildlife departments of the government. Last year the Bureau grossed $64.5 million from its activities on the public lands—the leasing of oil and gas rights, grazing and timber operations. Some 20,000 livestock owners graze 8.7 million head of cattle and sheep on public lands. The livestock industry has long fought for ownership of these lands. Will McKay keep them in the public domain where the government can charge reasonable rates to the big and little stockmen alike? Will he protect our too rapidly dwindling forests from exploitation by lumber interests? Will he yield to the pressure of the oil interests who apply for mineral leases at the rate of 25,000 a year?

Although McKay considers himself a staunch conservationist, he has made no effort to change an Oregon law which requires that spokesmen for various private sawmill and lumber groups be named to the State Board of Forestry. This law puts men with an interest in felling trees on a public body presumably dedicated to conservation. He has dodged a bitter fight between sportsmen and state police over the enforcement of game laws.

The subsidiary operations of the Interior Department's Bureau of Mines include a $75 million research program on synthetic liquid fuels. This government investment in technical research has discovered how to produce fuel from oil, shale, coal and lignite and can mean conservation of oil and gas needed for defense. Synthetic liquid fuels are now ready for commercial purposes. The oil and gas industry is far from enthusiastic about such competition. How will McKay handle this problem?

He has already announced his position on off-shore oil, which is to hand the estimated $40 billion mineral rights over to the states—and the oil interests.

McKay's record shows him to be conservative and business-minded. As a state Senator he voted for a three-percent sales tax, although the labor unions were able to beat the levy in a referendum. He was criticized by many Oregon newspapers for not participating in a recent referendum fight over an effort by big interstate truckers to eliminate the state's weight-distance tax on commercial highway vehicles. This, too, was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

His appointments as Governor have been mediocre—his utility commissioner, who was supposed to be regulating the truckers, left state employment to become the spokesman for the big-truck interests. Many of his appointments to the Board of Higher Education have been from business groups. He has, however, resisted the appointment by his State Board of Control of several unqualified men named to the State Tax Commission. And he has been generally sympathetic to minority groups. He signed a State Fair Employment Practices bill enacted by the 1949 legislature, although he took no leadership in its adoption.

The Associated Press, in commenting on the McKay appointment, said:

> He appears to reflect General Eisenhower's views on domestic problems almost exactly. . . . The McKay stand is that private utilities should be given first chance to develop water resources. When the job is too big for private investors, the federal government should take over. But the government should not have full say on how to develop or run the projects. The state should have a hand in running things. . . .

Early in the campaign General Eisenhower, having just discovered that the Hoover Dam was a self-liquidating project, exclaimed: "Here we have a perfect example of doing something for all the people, and doing it intelligently, in such a way that it pays for itself, without digging it out of the taxpayers' pocket." But, soon after, he received a briefing on the Republican theory of public power and amended his position, ingenuously observing:

> Now we have had for a long time a government that applies the philosophy of the Left to government. The government will build the power dams, the government will tell you how to distribute your power, the government will do this, and that, the government does everything but come in and wash the dishes for the housewife.

With this bit of homely philosophy to guide him, Douglas McKay will have a difficult time protecting our natural resources from exploitation by selfish interests. It is far from the traditions of Harold Ickes, who strongly believed "our citizens have adopted the concept that prudently conserved natural resources can be made to produce a far higher standard of living for the country over a longer period if government is intelligent and energetic in enlisting our resources for such services."

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THE BUSINESSMAN'S PRIVATE PRESS

by Gus Tyler

MANY PEOPLE read comics, usually for laughs; others seek more serious things; few, however, read the "newsletters" and "business-grams" written exclusively for the delectation of busy businessmen. And it's really a shame, for few forms succeed in more happily wedding the ludicrous and the serious. Still, it's not surprising, for the "letters" usually reach only businessmen, and the "grams" usually have little eye-appeal for the general reader. And both usually prohibit quoting for general circulation.

These little tidbits for the busy are not, however, jokes. They look like jokes. On the surface they read like jokes. More careful reading reveals them as very grim jokes indeed.

Serious in that they do contain facts, they are ludicrous in their earnest eagerness to switch from an attitude to its opposite while treating the same fact if they think such a switch will please the reader. The ludicrous usually contains a touch of the tragic. The spectacle of businessmen's reading matter which represents, in attitude, only the best available guess as to what they want to read is funny—it is also profoundly disturbing.

Prior to the election, the majority of these features maintained a tone of optimism concerning business prospects, a tone designed to repudiate any idea that a GOP victory might bring hard times. The possibility of a mild recession next year was included as a fact—but the fact was carefully coated with the sugar of optimism.

After the election a leading business journal—which refused this writer permission to quote from its material—sounded the tocsin for a new approach by saying that Eisenhower might be inaugurated with a threatening recession as his first problem. Yet, since the pre-election idea had been to pooh-pooh any suggestion that a Republican victory might mean hard times, the facts had to be brought into line, and the same journal guaranteed that this recession was not the Republican depression Truman had conjured up in his speeches but only the decline due after seven years of prosperity.

"Confidence," then, is to be the keynote; consequently, substitute words for "recession" are sought. N.Y. Curb Exchange President Edward T. McCormick foresees "temporary periods of shaking out." Dr. Courtney C. Brown, assistant to the chairman of the board, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), prefers "business contraction." *Kiplinger Letter* missed the boat by using the scare word "slump" for what is to be expected in 1953, and *US News and World Report*, which is not ashamed of what it writes and permits quotes, faltered with "*Deflation*, of a moderate kind, will be accepted, not resisted," but quickly recouped with a remarkable semantic *tour de force*: "*Hard Times*, really hard, are not in sight. *Normal times*, less hectic times are in sight. *Good times* need not be boom times to be good." This poses a very neat formula for public relations: Hard times are to be accepted as normal, boom times as hectic, yet avoiding the oversimplification of "back to normalcy," another scare term.

These times in which we live are then "hectic"; the *US News* provides a definition for the term: "The election of 1952 came at a time when the level of prosperity was never so high. There were jobs for all. Living standards for people at home had never been so high." Hectic indeed. Obviously we can't take much more of that.

Under Eisenhower there will be a (healthy) change. He, says the *US News*, "will let things calm down, even if somebody gets hurt."

Who? The busy man reading these tidbits?—No. *Newsweek's* "Business Trends" section quickly reassures: "The new Administration will maintain prosperity with lower taxes, higher profits and a bigger role for business." Ah yes, the cabinet. The busy man is reassured.

Then, a fleeting thought: What about this Korea trip? —peace? cuts in defense spending? a recess . . . a business contraction?

No. Gov. Sherman Adams, now Assistant to the President and scheduled to accompany him to Korea, says "I don't want to give people any feeling that peace is imminent. It will be a long, long pull. . . ." And *Newsweek* again adds reassurance with: "Eisenhower's Korean trip may result in an expanded arms budget. . . . Business need not fear an immediate drastic cut in the budget which might set off a wave of deflation."

The Chemical Bank and Trust Company's *Trends* rallies 'round with "Eisenhower's planned trip to Korea cannot, by itself, speed the end of the war there, but after January 20, Eisenhower can—and probably will—step up the tempo of fighting there and possibly force a truce by military means. . . . The new Congress, under Eisenhower, may actually increase the cost of foreign aid." And *US News* adds a comforting "Defense costs . . . will rise above present levels."

But wait a minute. Taxes. A bigger budget means higher taxes, doesn't it?

No. That's dated, like "slump" and "recession."

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A big budget, yes, but lower taxes for businessmen.

"Eisenhower will favor an end to the excess-profits tax . . . ," predicts *US News*. "He will oppose use of taxation to punish success or stifle incentive."

The whole thing is brilliantly summarized by *Newsweek*: "You can expect tax revisions favoring business."

But what about the balanced budget—a GOP pledge from way back? Commitments abroad force a big budget; commitments to business require a tax cut.

Newsweek suggests a possible approach: "Note: there will be some new pressure for a *national sales tax* as a last resort to balance the budget." But a national sales tax will probably meet Congressional resistance; consumers vote and they don't like sales taxes. So the question dangles.

Meanwhile, the busy man is assured he will not be plagued by constant wage demands. "Curbs on excessive wage increases" are predicted by *Newsweek*, and *US News* states that "rates of pay will be allowed to seek their own level."

Nor will the busy man be plagued by federal commissions and terrorized by bureaucrats. Says *Newsweek*: "Federal regulatory agencies will sing a sweeter tune. For example, the Federal Power Commission recently *frightened* the natural gas industry with decisions lowering the customary 6 percent return on capital to 5.5 percent. New FPC Chairman Buchanan will probably lose his job and these decisions will be forgotten."

So the future looks pretty good except for that blasted "business contraction." Yet, if contraction becomes too severe, there are remedies available. The same Dr. Brown of Standard Oil told the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities (AP report) that we have a "fair stock of anti-depression medicines," but warned against using them to "prevent any contraction or unemployment at all." They should be used only "as a means of preventing business contraction from becoming cumulative." "Contraction" means unemployed workers, while "cumulative contraction" means unemployed businessmen.

Dr. Brown listed the remedies; they included "greatly increased government employment, farm price supports, revised loan policies, both governmental and private, and deficit financing." Now if this sounds like the New Deal, you're wrong. That's dated. Dr. Brown insisted that these are *untested* remedies. Then he added that "he saw a prospect for a test not too far in the future."

Previous use of these *untested* remedies indicates they cost money. And this presents a difficulty for any test in the near future because the new Administration plans to cut taxes in the event of a depression. *Kiplinger* thinks the new Congress will back Eisenhower in cutting taxes if the coming slump is worse than moderate, and *US News* confirms with: "Tax reductions, in event of a business setback, will be a primary weapon to counteract the forces of deflation." The modest journal indicates that the business community has more faith in Republican remedies than it would have in the Democratic variety; among other things, the business community is counting on that cut in taxes, they say.

No need to wonder at this faith in Republican remedies, for obviously they have found one which is universal: In this present, abnormal "boom" period, the businessman can expect tax cuts; in the coming normal "contraction" period, the businessman can expect tax cuts. Very, very neat. As Eisenhower has so often said, "a penny saved is a penny earned."

Another firm basis for the businessman's faith in Republican remedies is that while Democrats try to make the poor man rich, Republicans try to make the rich man confident.

Says *Newsweek* pithily: "There will be a basic change in the underlying approach to legislation. The New Deal-Fair Deal theory is that prosperity comes mainly from boosting the average man's purchasing power. Traditionally, the Republicans hold that good times depend on confidence!" And that's it. "Purchasing power" *vs.* "confidence." Only one choice is possible.

But the GOP offers more—an entire way of life; in describing it *US News* verges upon the poetic:

> A try will be made under Eisenhower to get things back toward normal.
>
> *People* will be left on their own. *Business* will get a hearing for its ideas. *Government* will slow down a little, not try to do everything.
>
> *Old virtues*, once again, will have meaning.
>
> *Thrift* will come to be rewarded. *Extravagance* will carry a penalty.
>
> *Money* no longer will be used to float people over all troubles. *Hard work*, gradually, will be encouraged. *Laziness* will be discouraged. *Incentives* for success will tend to grow. Penalties for failure will rise. . . . *Dollars*, gradually, will be harder to come by.

And so you have it. A creed guaranteed to tingle the spine of every rugged individualist—especially one rugged enough to support tax cuts, freedom from wage demands and freedom from supervision by federal commissions. We, all these people agree, are facing a recession; yet all will be well if the businessman does not lose confidence. The government will hold his hand to see that he doesn't, and "wages will seek their own level." Dollars will be harder to come by, and will be replaced by the old virtues. This is what the businessman reads and expects. If it doesn't square with what you read and expect, don't worry. That's dated.

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PHILADELPHIA—THE GREAT EXCEPTION

by Johannes Hoeber

ON ELECTION night in Philadelphia, Mayor Joseph S. Clark Jr. had opened his ornate reception room in City Hall for the members of his official family to receive the election returns. Over the police radio set up in one corner of the room came, division by division and ward by ward, the Philadelphia results. On the television screen set up in another corner appeared the returns from all over the nation. By 10 o'clock the crowd began to thin out, bewildered by the discrepancy between the two media which had borne down on their acoustic and optic nerves: the Eisenhower landslide everywhere else, the Stevenson landslide in their home town.

While Democratic majorities in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Detroit, Boston and Pittsburgh were far below those Truman had received in 1948, Stevenson's plurality in Philadelphia reached 23 times that of Truman, surpassed that given FDR in 1944, and came close to those rolled up by Roosevelt in 1936 and 1940.

These are the figures:

Year	*Total Vote*	*Republican*	*Democratic*	*Democratic Plurality*
1936	870,000	330,000	540,000	210,000
1940	887,000	355,000	532,000	177,000
1944	842,000	346,000	496,000	150,000
1948	859,000	426,000	433,000	7,000
1952	942,000	391,000	551,000	160,000

Before 1948 the Republicans never lost Philadelphia except in the last three Roosevelt elections. Since 1948, they never carried it in any national, state or local contest; but except for FDR no one, not even Clark and Dilworth, defeated them as decisively as Stevenson in 1952.

To the political analyst's chagrin, there is no simple formula to explain this sensational result.

With the police and the District Attorney's office removed from Republican control, this was the first election in Philadelphia in which the Republican machine could not use its former methods of stealing votes and intimidating voters; but they had barely used them before in Presidential elections anyway, when no jobs in City Hall or the State Capitol had been at stake. Otherwise, the results of 1936, 1940 and 1944 would not have been possible.

Thus Philadelphians were free to vote their political convictions and economic interests. Stevenson received, by and large, the Roosevelt vote: landslide majorities in the working-class neighborhoods, white and colored alike, slimmer margins in the middle-class row houses. Eisenhower carried the suburbs.

The trade-union leadership was solidly behind the Democrats in this election; but labor support alone cannot explain the Stevenson victory either. Neither can newly acquired Democratic patronage in City Hall explain the outcome. Philadelphia's new Home Rule Charter which became effective the day the Democrats took over City Hall established one of the tightest civil-service systems in the country for municipal employees. All through the summer one could hear the dire predictions of Democratic ward leaders that lack of patronage would wreck the party's election chances.

Certainly the newspapers had nothing to do with Stevenson's victory. All three Philadelphia papers backed the Republicans editorially. However, in their news coverage and in their headlines they gave Stevenson as much space as Eisenhower. While Philadelphia's was not a "one-party press," it was certainly not a Stevenson press.

What then explains the unique role Philadelphia played in the Presidential election of 1952?

One of the reasons is that, for the time being, Philadelphia has no Republican Party worthy of the name. A group of men who are in politics "for all that is in it for them" has retained control of the party machinery, although they have staggered from one defeat to another without interruption since 1948. Since they have lost control of the jobs in City Hall and since Joe Clark's Police Commissioner, Tom Gibbons and Dick Dilworth's bright young Assistant District Attorneys have smashed the numbers and shakedown rackets, Meade, Meehan and Witkin have lost whatever ability they had to deliver the vote. Some of the "best people" tried to organize "Citizens for Eisenhower" as an independent group. Because of their unholy alliance with the corrupt machine, they failed as miserably as last year when they used the Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling as the respectable front for their City Hall gang.

Another reason is the effective leadership which City Chairman James A. Finnegan has given the Democratic Party since he took over the reins of the organization in 1948. He has built it patiently and energetically into a smoothly running machine, capable of getting out the vote on election day.

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This relative position of the two-party organizations alone was sufficient for friend and foe alike to concede a 60,000 margin to the Democrats far in advance of the election.

It is the added 100,000 which makes the country wonder how Philadelphia did it.

Much of it was contributed to the Democratic ticket by the Volunteers for Stevenson. Nowhere in the country was it as easy for that group to organize as in Philadelphia. Here had grown since 1947 and won triumphantly last year the same dynamic and independent liberal leadership which Stevenson represented. Along with and behind this leadership, an enthusiastic independent movement had developed over the past five years, closely allied with but organizationally separate from the liberal trade unions and the Democratic Party. Its nucleus has been furnished by the local chapter of Americans for Democratic Action which seems to have thrived on the attacks to which it was subjected. When Volunteers for Stevenson decided to open shop in Philadelphia, they did not have to start from scratch as elsewhere. Leadership and staff of the ADA were simply moved to larger quarters, and for eight weeks, day and night, hundreds of volunteers performed enthusiastically every conceivable campaign task from envelope addressing to doorbell ringing.

A poor second in organization—both regular and independent—Eisenhower never had a chance in the battle of the issues either.

Of the four guns in his arsenal—Korea, corruption, Communism and change—the last three were silenced when he crossed the Philadelphia county line. Corruption still bears the Republican label as far as the citizens of the Quaker City are concerned. Still smarting under what the local GOP did to their civic pride, they just were not ready to accept the Republicans in the role of reformers who want to "clean up the mess."

Communism as an election issue appealed to them about as much as a lemon squeezed dry. Since Meade, Meehan and Witkin called everybody a Communist who tried to end their gang rule in City Hall, Philadelphians have become immune to most brands of McCarthyism.

"It's time for a change" was Joe Clark's and Dick Dilworth's battlecry last year, and they preempted it for the Democrats. Philadelphians still like the change they got, and no one, not even the General, could persuade them that a change to the Republicans would bring them anything good.

There is no simple formula to explain the Democratic landslide in Philadelphia; but there is one reason for it which, at least in the opinion of this observer, was more important than all the others combined: after 67 years the Democrats are giving this city its first experience in good government. And good government is good politics.

WHAT WE DID FOR PENNYWHISTLE

by Hollin D. Hill

NOW THAT the world has been made safe for Republicans, we can expect a political lull, long enough at least to cover the scraping-off of windshield stickers and bumper placards and the burning in effigy of several eminent pollsters. This truce might well be used to ponder some campaign tactics that are sure to see much wider use in the future.

I am not, of course, referring to such trite stratagems as the Big Lie or the Big Smear. These are the unsubtle holdovers of a primitive age, the center-rushes of the game's infancy. The new technique is founded upon the principle that a good defense is the best offense. Put another way: if you don't lick 'em, join 'em—and slip your knife in from close range.

The first toddling steps toward this *kriegskunst* were taken by a youthful political manager in New England during the by-elections of 1950. Scenting defeat for his incumbent candidate by a slim margin, he spent the night before the actual polling in a most fruitful way. He culled a list of 200 borderline voters and, between one and three in the morning, telephoned them. Posing as Mr. Hooganblitz, the opposition candidate, he told each bleary, sleep-befuddled burgher that he wanted to be sure they understood his views on the reciprocal tariff. A vote for Hooganblitz, he said—but he rarely got any further.

Next morning, of course, some 200 sullen voters trooped to the polls and, with bloodshot eyes, scribbled enough X's beside the name of Mr. Hooganblitz's opponent to ride him safely into office.

Quite spontaneously, in another part of the country, another pioneer in this technique was making his own contribution to progress He ran off several thousand hand-bills which called for the election of his rival, a redoubtable lady politician. Then, using her name freely, he promised a dozen news-boys $10 each to deliver the literature. They did. When they returned to collect their money, however, our friend had departed.

At this the news-boys, hitherto indifferent to the election's outcome, became extraordinarily partisan. And vo-

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ciferous. And effective. Their house-to-house canvass retired the good lady to contemplate her new-found unpopularity.

I cite these crude efforts only as the embryonic predecessors of our full-fledged creation. Our problem was this. We had a gentleman in our community—a Mr. Horatius Pennywhistle—running for public office for the first time in his life. He was on the wrong side.

That, unfortunately, was not enough to disqualify him. Other measures, we agreed, would have to be taken. But what? Pennywhistle seemed invulnerable. No one had ever heard him take sides on any issue; he possessed an enviable war record; his profile was not only impeccable but, in the opinion of many bobby-soxers, swishy.

At our darkest moment, inspiration visited us with the blinding flash of genius: if we could not attack Pennywhistle, *we could at least defend him.*

We set to work. Our first move was to announce the formation of a Defense Committee For Horatius Pennywhistle. A full-page advertisement in the local newspaper stated that the undersigned were appalled at the nature of the stories that were being circulated about Mr. Pennywhistle and called for Fair Play and a raising of the whole level of the campaign. The ad further asserted that a subcommittee was being appointed to investigate the charges and sift the evidence, and it wound up with the ringing plea: "Don't judge a man guilty without giving him a chance to be heard!"

Mr. Pennywhistle's only public reply to this invitation to be heard was a bewildered "No comment," which did not sit well with the inquiring press.

Our next move was to publish a small leaflet entitled "Let's Have the Truth!" In this the Defense Committee set itself the unsavory task of airing the ugly rumors and disposing of them forthrightly.

The first three rumors, which dealt largely with Mr. Pennywhistle's relations with his sister-in-law, were brushed aside with the stinging rebuke that, so far as the committee could determine, there was no *written* evidence to support these base allegations and that, in any event, a man's personal peccadillos should not enter into any appraisal of his capacities for public service.

The fourth rumor, that Mr. Pennywhistle had joined the Nazi-American Bund in 1934, only to leave it for the Communist Party the following year, was held to be quite dubious. The Defense Committee said it was in no position to judge this accusation and would prefer turning it over to the FBI for the kind of thorough investigation such a serious matter deserved.

Charge number five, in which it was alleged that Mr. Pennywhistle customarily polished his riding boots with a worn-out American flag and kept a Bible handy at the hearth for kindling fires, were angrily labeled "Irrelevant!" In the Defense Committee's considered opinion, "A man may be a pacifist and a Godless atheist and still merit your trust and your vote!"

Rumor number six had it that Mr. Pennywhistle had embezzled certain funds in 1923 belonging to the SPCA. The Defense Committee found this almost slanderous. The mere fact that Mr. Pennywhistle believed in vivisection should not, it said, lend any credence to the rumor. Besides, the Statute of Limitations would make it impossible to prosecute.

I need not review the other 13 rumors. They were handled with the same devastating finality.

Nevertheless, we did not slacken one whit our efforts to clear Mr. Pennywhistle's name. Volunteers rang doorbells to solicit contributions to the Defense Fund (they tended to ring at the children's nap-time or during supper, and the total collected was pitifully small, yet we felt that we had done our part). Sound trucks cruised the neighborhood popularizing the slogans: "Don't let them lynch Pennywhistle! Even rustlers and rapists are entitled to a fair trial—why not Pennywhistle? We're for Pennywhistle, guilty or not guilty!"

The fact that some burgher had given the sound-truck operator only a platter containing the *Horst Wessel* song and the *Internationale* to use as musical bridges was, of course, greatly regretted by the committee.

As could perhaps be expected, Mr. Pennywhistle—more modest and retiring than ever—made several good-humored attempts to persuade us not to spend so much time and energy in his behalf. He even sought an injunction. The court, however, while paying tribute to Mr. Pennywhistle's unselfish motives, could find nothing in the books to forbid a man's friends from rallying to his defense. The fight against calumny went on.

The conclusion, I fear, only showed how right we had been to start this anti-defamation campaign early and to hit hard. As we pointed out to Mr. Pennywhistle in a consolatory telegram, collect, after he had conceded the landslide election of his opponent, "Reactionaries and scandal-mongers are apparently stronger than even we thought. No limit to what they will stoop to. If a good man like you can be beaten by such tactics, who is safe? We feel confident history will clear you of these hasty, probably erroneous charges. On the other hand, do not hold your breath."

Well, there you have it. A rather embarrassing experience for Mr. Pennywhistle, yet surely educational. It may even, in the end, bring him a certain fortuitous fame. School children now unborn may learn to lisp his name as the first, if not the most celebrated, victim of the Big Defense.

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POINT FOUR AND THE BATTLE FOR ASIA

II. THE NEW BURMA ROAD

by Clarence Decker

BURMA is a good place to start a survey of our program in Southeast Asia. Communist conquest of Burma—from the inside or outside—would outflank India, East Pakistan, Thailand and Indo-China, exposing those countries, together with Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines, to intensified Communist pressures.

Contrary to popular belief, Burma is underpopulated. Somewhat larger than Texas, Burma has 17 million people, yet under normal conditions she has substantial exports of rice (she was once the world's largest exporter), cotton, petroleum, teakwood, cooper, lead, tin, zinc and tungsten. Moreover, millions of acres of her fertile land are untilled—"the soil of Burma," it is said, "has only to be tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest." Vast forest reserves remain untapped. In her hills lie rubies, sapphires, jade, as well as strategic minerals.

The leaders of the five-year-old nation are a small group of men who in 1936 formed a campus junta at the University of Rangoon when their country was still a British colony. The graybeard of the group is the poet, playwright and devout Buddhist, 44-year-old U Nu, new Prime Minister. Almost all his colleagues are younger, many of them still in their thirties. What they may lack in seasoning, they make up for in devotion and determination. They are keenly aware of the internal tasks confronting them—for they have lived through a ruinous war, chaotic civil strife, racial and religious dissidence, and, above all, internal Communist sabotage and open rebellion. During my recent visit to Burma, the Prime Minister stressed the importance of a healthy, educated and hopeful people as the best insurance against Communism. He once thought he could live with and manage the Communists, but he discovered they were hoarding arms to overthrow the government by force. The so-called "Trotskyite" Communist Party was outlawed in 1948; the Stalinist group, although not outlawed, fled into the central hills, leaving behind the Burma Workers and Peasant Party. Today most of U Nu's cabinet and other posts are completely and honestly anti-Communist.

Burma's leaders realize the great potential wealth of their country, and they also realize that if they do not develop their resources some predatory power may come along one day and take the rich land itself. This, as much as any (lofty) ideal, spurs them on. They are still bitter about colonialism and they want no more of it—neither of the old nor of the Communist variety. The race is between a young, increasingly vigorous government struggling to meet the needs of its restless people and the professional revolutionaries seeking to exploit the unrest. The advantage has veered sharply to the side of the government.

This is not to say that the Burmese Government is conservative in the Western sense. Although doctrinaire Marxism has little appeal in this devoutly Buddhist country, the young leaders have regarded themselves as theoretical Marxists of the Socialist variety. How much of this springs from ideological conviction and how much from sensitivity to past and possible future foreign exploitation is a matter of speculation, but the Burmese are firm in their stand that the country's resources and the means of production should remain under the people's control for the use of the people. Although private property and enterprise are guaranteed by the constitution, monopolies are forbidden and provision is made for the nationalization of certain aspects of the economy. The land nationalization program, however, does not contemplate collectivization, but it does call for the elimination of landlords and money lenders and the distribution of the land to homesteaders and cultivators who will be supported by co-operatives ranging all the way from credit to marketing.

The Burmese are keenly aware of the necessity of promoting public welfare and of dramatizing the results politically. The sensitive political climate does not permit too much trial and error, but the government has prepared a broad program of social benefits and physical development. The leaders have pledged themselves to improved health and educational facilities. They are in favor of various forms of social security, and are aware of the necessity of modernizing agriculture and of developing industries. They have supported the rights of labor unions and, in fact, helped them to flourish. The unions, in turn, have shown responsible concern in democratic government.

Firm implementation of these social policies was bolstered when the United States sent a special mission to Burma in the fall of 1950. Operating along old ECA

Dr. Clarence R. Decker, President of the University of Kansas City, recently toured Southeast Asia as Assistant Director of the Mutual Security Agency in charge of the Far Eastern program. This is the second of a series of seven articles which constitute his report.

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lines, it was, until July, a part of the Mutual Security Agency. The last Congress, unfortunately, transferred Burma to the Technical Co-operation Administration under the Department of State and reduced its allocation from $14 million to $6 million—this at the very time that Burma's pro-Western sympathies and self-confidence were gathering new strength.

Our mission to Burma has been under constant Communist attack—and for good reasons. It has supported Burma in its efforts to meet its people's needs. It has helped to cut down the original advantage possessed by elements feeding off popular unrest. Indirectly, it has built public appreciation and good will toward America.

One of our mission's first steps, taken at the request of the Burmese Government, was to finance an American engineering firm (chosen by the Burmese Government) to make a national survey of the country's over-all resources and potentials. The result—a 540-page report, professionally documented and charted—includes specific recommendations, now under study in Rangoon and Washington. It may well give Burma a technical blueprint for its future development.

In terms of direct support, the American mission is underwriting a broad program of projects embracing health, agriculture, public works, education, public administration, small industries and handicraft. Participating in these undertakings are some 70 American technicians who are making Yankee skill and knowledge available to our Burmese friends.

It would be premature—and certainly not in harmony with the spirit of the program—to make sweeping claims that American assistance has substantially reduced popular unrest, but there is evidence that it has helped the Burmese Government to achieve stability and that it will continue to be a constructive influence, provided that the Technical Co-operation Administration pushes ahead with the vigorous and imaginative work of the Mutual Security Agency. One could establish a working formula which would show an inverse ratio between mass unrest and social progress.

Our present mission projects in Burma are under way in the countryside where people can see what is being done and more readily understand their purpose. In the southern Shan state, I visited some of the homes of more than 300,000 people in 1,500 villages which have been sprayed with American-supplied DDT in the gigantic drive against debilitating malaria. I saw the exciting beginnings of a new training unit for midwives and the new agricultural extension center at Taunggyi. Nearly 200 seed-distribution centers are scattered over the country—our mission has helped to supply them. Veterinary services are being improved in the fight against animal diseases. A man with livestock needs no lengthy explanation about the value of this undertaking. In Rangoon—with labor leaders and government officials—I toured the war-shattered port, vital to Burma's economic life, now being constructed with MSA help. In Akyab in Western Burma, I had the pleasure of dedicating a $750,000 dredge, towed 5,000 miles from Japan, to be used in reopening the harbor. We really owed this one to the Burmese. During the war, American and British bombers virtually ruined the Japanese-controlled port.

These are exciting undertakings, even in the listing, but more exciting are the lives of Americans—our modern missionaries—out in the villages teaching the people to become their own teachers. I shall never forget Otto Hunerwadel. Otto—a former Tennessee agricultural agent—taught Burmese farmers how to improve the quality of everything that grows around Taunggyi in the Shan state, especially rice, so necessary to the food deficit countries of Japan, the Philippines, Java, Malaya, Ceylon and India. Otto died a few weeks ago—died (literally) in the harness. His many Burmese friends will miss his friendly American hand.

The American mission works at the community level in Burma as elsewhere, but it would be a mistake to limit our activities to the bamboo roots of our thinking to the hoe-and-sickle theory of international co-operation. We must do what we can to help in a nation's planning for its total development. American-support programs must dedicate themselves to helping create the kind of social and economic climate in which political democracy can flourish. No handful of Americans, no small group of local leaders, can themselves ever hope to carry out to final success any assistance program unless the people themselves participate in it. The masses must not be permitted to stand by idly as spectators while a few technicians futilely overwork themselves. Public acceptance, public understanding, public participation are basic. Our mission's role is that of a catalytic agent.

Finally, the American taxpayers, who paid a $14 million premium for insurance on Burma this past year, have a right to examine their interests in our support program. In the vast social revolution sweeping over Asia today—a revolution as significant as the industrial revolution of the West a century ago—the United States has both a self-interest and an altruistic interest. We cannot buy our way into it, nor can we buy our way out of it. But if the new nations are to travel the new Burma Road to peace and democracy, we must encourage them in every practical way. They need our technical experience and talent. They require credits and equipment. We must make this kind of aid available on a modest scale which we can afford and which they can absorb.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE POEMS OF T. S. ELIOT: A PERSPECTIVE

By John Crowe Ransom

THE NEW EDITION adds greatly to the *Collected Poems*. One new item is *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, a pleasantry, proving that Eliot can turn off a pretty book with his left hand; so easy is his management of the English folk-line (of eight or seven beats) and its subdivisions (of four or three beats), for occasions short of high seriousness. Another item consists in the three well-known plays, developing their religious themes. But for this reader the most important thing is the inclusion along with *Burnt Norton* (which had already found entry) of its three companion pieces, to make the full text of *Four Quartets*. This for me is Eliot's great work. Completed just ten years ago, it is generally regarded as the end-piece to his poetic career, and a triumph of rightness in a modern genre of "long" poem; but it had taken many years, and many poems, to acquire this mastery of diction and structure. For here a difficult speculation is pursued with a new and idiomatic purity of language, in philosophical and lyrical alternation.

We are now perched on the cold and dull side of mid-century. Many a hard reviewing look is cast backwards upon a hundred poems, tossed up out of that universal burst of poetry which Eliot's career so closely spanned. And how shall we rate his crowning poem? It is my feeling that it may well come to be for us the poem of the century. I am embarrassed when I recall that I have generally been surly and backward in responding to this poet's work, in poem after poem. But in the earlier poems there were dizzy techniques, or there were tones, or themes, and there were prejudices in me which they could not at once overcome. (I use the first person singular a good deal; it is with the conviction that it will stand for the persons of a great many readers). But I did follow the course of the poems, and scarcely any of them was lost as a new influence upon my education in poetry. They do not follow a straight line, but eventually they will have prepared the careful reader for the *Quartets*. The delicacies of this poem need not now be beyond our understanding, and we may see the grounds both for its authority and for its diffidence. Its tone is that of a valediction; for it is a magnanimous and gentle deliverance.

In the first period, which began with *Prufrock* (1917) and ended with *The Waste Land* (1922), the brilliant poems came thick and fast. They offered images of the modern and degenerate society, which had rejected the governance of religion and was a secular society; and clashing constantly with these images, the broken but eloquent echoes of old and happier societies from the ages of faith. This was a satiric poetry, often a savage poetry. It should have made me happy, for I had my own sense of the great apostasy. The topic was always being talked about—the faster the modern world seemed to go wheeling down its appointed course, the more it was talked about—by the young men reading the classics, or Dante, or even the literature of the Renaissance, at the universities. The talk was without any reference, so far as most of us were concerned, to the actual survival and present existence of old religious institutions like the Roman Catholic and the Anglo-Catholic; a strange omission, of whatever significance. Our talk proceeded from an ill-defined historical judgment, and it affected our literary taste. In the conduct of life it brought about—a nostalgia. This was the point of our talk, and I take it that this was pretty much the point of the poems.

Undoubtedly I was happy with some of them. These were more especially the formal ones, like those in *Poems* (of 1920) which used the quatrain stanza and were about as absolute in their formalism as poems can well be; for instance, "Sweeney among the Nightingales" and "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service." Others troubled me a great deal, not because of their comical or hateful character, but in another respect for which now I have to blush. The poet was practising the famous "dislocation of language" (which he named and recommended) and I was not prepared for it. My expectations of what a new poetry ought to be had been formed in the academy, and at this particular stage of history they were killing. The techniques of Mr. Eliot were revolutionary. He was one of the boldest agents of a revolution which was life-giving in this art, and which belonged to that wider revolution that caught up in its sweep some other arts, notably painting and music. We can see now, I can see, how easily the revolution of one generation is assimilated into the practice of the next generation, or at least the next but one, and forgotten. Surviving it are those characters which are fittest to survive.

The misadventures of this reader were wry indeed. At the time when I might have had my proper joy in the early poems I was unequal to them because of a technical poverty in the reception. And by the time I had caught up in that quarter, a shift of ideas had come over me, to hinder even a belated appreciation!

The Waste Land, to name, for example, the poem which is tremendous among its companions, began to seem to me too sweeping in its representation of the secular horrors; an exhibit of an age where all the pictures were unsavory. I was suspicious about the uniformity of these appearances, and that was at the time when I was questioning the evidences which had led to my own personal set against the age. But the long and short of it comes to this, that

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I could not find the certain reasons for thinking the modern society was destitute of its normal humanity, and in the midst of all the confusion I began to have hopes for it, even on its own terms. All that is a history too involved to rehearse here, even if I understood it.

Now a shift of the same sort, though not so radical, was coming over Eliot's ideas too. An extraordinary power of satire had been shown in the early poems. But ultimately the poet declined to build his vocation upon it, and that was a happy event in our literary history. Satire would seem to be inferior as poetry, and inferior as feeling as well. By the time of *Ash Wednesday* (1930) Eliot was still far from accepting the modern world, but he had stopped ridiculing it, and was more concerned with saving it. His speaker in the poem labors under the sense of his own and his people's sins, and in the soul's individual agony seeks to be admitted again to God's presence. The spiritual techniques are elaborate, but they have a sort of official and stereotyped character, for they are according to the instructions of the ancient Church; it is rather as if the penitent had lost his way, but had been presented with a map of the region. The account is a poem of circumstantial and artful beauty. A reader cannot but admire it, but, perhaps according to the degree of his modernity, I believe he remains cold to it. Wondering about this, I found myself thinking that religion and poetry are true sisters, but that their occasions are not quite the same; and further, though I shall seem totally uninformed as soon as I say this, that the soul when it is convicted of sin will not want poetry but will want religion. Evidently that is not true when we consider *Ash Wednesday*, and has not been true when we consider some opulent religious poems of the past. If it seems somehow true all the same, perhaps the real truth is that what I have said comes out of a temper modernized and protestanized more deeply than I had known. Religion may be urgent for the modern soul, but its mysteries are so humanly difficult that they have come to be generalized, and sought so hard that the imagery cannot but be small and poor; that might be a modern kind of deference to the mysteries.

But when they seem to be given without seeking, as in some happy aspects of nature for example, then it is probably the appearance which is given and not the reality, it is the surface and not the depth, and it is poetry or some other art which engages them and elaborates them. This must be by virtue of what Keats called the negative capability of poetry; in order to excuse it from theological responsibility. It might be added, from this point of view, that there can scarcely be for the protestanized any such thing as an orthodoxy. At best there will be religious communities, all having the equal status of minority groups in a free society. Institutional religion will perhaps not decline below that level. Yet it is certain that there must now be unusual numbers of separate persons who cannot find much advantage in the institutions; who have so little expectation of possessing the mysteries that they will take their finest satisfactions from the arts, which delight in the appearances.

There is nothing, however, which I can say about these things which will be novel for Mr. Eliot, whose knowledge is expert, and refined in many fires. The only point I have really to make is that his own allegiance and strategies are not altered in *Four Quartets*, but that the human tolerance, the human sympathy, has there come to its fine perfection.

THE COMPLETE POEMS AND PLAYS OF T. S. ELIOT (Harcourt, Brace; $6).

THE QUIET CONFLICT: THE PLAYS OF T. S. ELIOT

by Robert Richman

THE PLAYS OF YEATS were actually written more for an intimate performance in the drawing rooms of Dublin mansions or of Irish country houses than for the stage of the Abbey Theatre. I cannot say exactly why, but the plays of T. S. Eliot seem to be more intimate even than those of Yeats. It is as though Mr. Eliot saw them performed, if at all, in an imagined scene—that is, *to be seen*—in a quite private setting peculiar to that *place where* one makes the vital decisions of one's lifetime. As such it is different for each reader or spectator of the plays. In much the same manner as the *Four Quartets*, having *chamber* music as the basis of their conceptual form, the plays seem intended for a "recital" in some chamber theatre.

It is uncritical to assume that Mr. Eliot is an inferior artist of the poetic play because he *chose* to write what might well be called metaphysical plays rather than to write Epic drama as Sophocles did. I emphasize the word *chose* because, if we grant that the artist must primarily *select*, then Mr. Eliot of all contemporaries is most consciously in control of his choices in the making of a poem or of a poetic play—choices of words, or images, or of conflicts and dramatic form. And we cannot overlook the fact that History was always at his elbow dictating that he *choose* the form of play he did; for the age of Epic drama (we could in the best sense say Public drama) in either the Greek, or the Roman, or the Elizabethan tradition was written on the literary crest that followed the great national epics. As for the Greek dramatists, their epic poems were handed to them interwoven with myth and history and deed, so much so that a Greek's sense of The Greek ethnos was drawn from *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*.

What took place on the stage of Sophocles was at one and the same time a private personal experience for each Greek and a group universal experience. Thus the moral significance of the tragedies performed in Greece under these conditions was much more profound for them than the mere difference in *catharsis*, as we now experience it, between the *Oedipus Rex* we read in poetic translation and the one we see performed, say by the Old Vic Company. Between the experience of seeing *The Cocktail Party*, or of reading it,

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there is an even greater difference. But the utility of drama determines the form it will assume, and Mr. Eliot could not possibly have written the Greek form because there is no unified body of epic, myth or ethos available for use.

Even the Elizabethans, and particularly Shakespeare, had the convenience of writing drama that made use with ambiance of the Arthurian Legends or, with direct reference, of the Renaissance literatures, and back through Rome to Greece. But all this is to speak only of the differences in the kind of drama and it is to place Mr. Eliot nearer Yeats than Shakespeare or Sophocles in intention, and in choice of a usable dramatic form. I try to phrase the issue; not to discuss it fully, much less to solve it. Moreover, Mr. Eliot's identification with the religious thought of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries bears scrutiny, for these were centuries not of Epic drama but of miracle plays and mystery plays which derived from dogma and theology, not from myth and epic.

The entire poetic career of Mr. Eliot, engaged as he was from the very first with reshaping the dramatic monologue and the metaphysical poem, could have produced no other kind of drama than these he has made. "In Valery," Mr. Eliot has said, "a long curve of romanticism rejoins the classic." And it is perhaps equally as valid to say this of most major poets, as it is to say that in these poets a long curve of the poetic rejoins the dramatic, especially when one recalls the Shakespeare of the *Sonnets* and then of *The Tempest*, or the Milton of *Lycidas* and then of *Samson Agonistes*, of the Yeats of *Lake Isle of Innisfree* and then of *Purgatory*. In each poet there is also a progress from the lyrical to the metaphysical mode. Only in Shakespeare, though, were the poet and the dramatist to become indistinguishably one. But that was only because he lived in an age when the poet, the dramatist, the actor and the company manager might traditionally be one.

Of these poets, none has been more consciously experimenting first in the theory of poetry and finally with the theory of poetic drama while engaged in writing poetry, poetic dramas, and literary theory than Mr. Eliot. In a series of essays—*Tradition and the Individual Talent*, *Rhetoric and Poetic Drama*, *Dramatic Poetry*, *Music and Poetry*, and *Poetry and Drama*, among others—he has established that his poems, his plays and his essays are interrelated by cause and effect upon one another. They are indeed parts of the complete whole. With the dramatic monologue and the metaphysical poem chosen as the Form and the Area of his poetry, Mr. Eliot set out in his Plays to explore new ways to play on the meaning of words—"each venture is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate"—and this is especially true in *Sweeney Agonistes*, two fragments of an Aristophanic melodrama. The fusing of language and image into the "objective correlatives" is his chief occupation in that poetic pageant *The Rock*, of which Mr. Eliot included only the Choruses in this final collection. By allowing his lines of poetry in the plays the genesis that often "begins as a line of music," or by carving those archetypal images such as "of old stones that cannot be deciphered" from the *Four Quartets*, Mr. Eliot was continuing his search for the "language of common speech" in order to make his fine poetic line more the epitome of his plays.

It became Mr. Eliot's main exploration for that central language which approximates common speech; and along with his principles of composition, both are as accomplished in the late plays as in the late poems. But it is crucial to consider one final aim in making a full evaluation of the plays. Mr. Eliot aims to proceed in the same manner as he does in the poems: it is the metaphysical procedure of seeking reality by multiple considerations of the name and nature of the hero's plight and his struggle. The difference is that in place of the large ancestral images which ferment the *Quartets*, Mr. Eliot uses an equally central instrument—the "unreal characters"—in the plays; they are entrusted with taking the dramatic risk to make the play operate with its fullest efficiency: I mean the Fourth Tempter in *Murder in the Cathedral*, the Eumenides in *The Family Reunion*, and the unearthly trio—Julia, Reilly, and Alex—in *The Cocktail Party*. Drama assumes its fullest shape from the conflict into which the antagonist and the protagonist are either willfully or unwillfully drawn. And it is precisely in this nature of the disembodied conflict that Mr. Eliot's poetic dramas are most unlike what we can usually call English drama. The conflict Becket suffers under the persuasions of the Fourth Tempter, the torment Harry endures when he sees the Eumenides, and the suffering Celia accepts when, as it were, the omniscient trio Julia, Alex and Reilly (though hidden in the waiting room) help Celia to "work out her salvation with diligence"—yes each of these depends for its fullest dramatic value upon the inner burden of the hero's struggle toward decision. Becket decides to resist the glories of martyrdom; Harry accepts his guilt; and Celia decides to seek her salvation and not to await it. Of such, certainly, it can be said that Mr. Eliot's excellence as a poet-dramatist rests in delineating the struggle of making the quiet ethical decision—it is the same with Henry James, except that the former has roots in orthodox Anglo-Catholicism.

T. S. Eliot is masterful in this drama of struggle and decision; and everything about the plays suggests that he deliberately and experimentally sought to create the metaphysical play in which the dramatic conflicts among characters, or the momentous spiritual torment within the central character, yield their mystery. And by way of the use of words and the use of imagery which we associate with the province of the metaphysical poem, the meaning of that actuality is revealed. It gives so real a particular experience that we know it by the sheer persuasion of the poetry to be a universal experience. Then meditation is more important than action; the decisions though momentous are silent and private; there is a minimum of spectacle; and obviously there are few "theatrical effects." It is as though the plays unfold in that indefinable "still center" within man, where Prospero really stood when in his silence he knew the actual: "we are such stuff as dreams are made on."

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A LATTER DAY PEPYS

by James R. Newman

GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG was born in New York at 37 Sugarloaf (later Franklin) Street on January 26, 1820, and died at his house on Twenty-first Street, overlooking Gramercy Park, on July 21, 1875. He was a lawyer, bank director, vestryman of Trinity Church, trustee of Columbia University, patron of music, charter member of the Union League Club and treasurer during the Civil War of the famous Sanitary Commission. It was a useful and successful, but not, in any real sense, a remarkable life. You would of course expect to find it described in a contemporary Who's Who; but the biographical dictionary on my desk, which gives concise sketches of "noted" men and women, and lists 11 Strongs—a dull lot, I must say—does not mention George Templeton.

THE DIARIES OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG (Macmillan; $35).

Nevertheless, he was a remarkable man; the witness is an incomparable diary. His personality, his life and his time are re-created for us in this colossal work, begun in October 1835, when Strong was 15 years old and a student at Columbia, with the lines, "Went to college at half-past seven and had the pleasure of remaining there *solus* till half-past nine. Matriculated for the sophomore year, and had the most atrocious pen to write my name with that mortal ever beheld"; and continued almost uninterruptedly for the next 40 years until the last sentences had been entered on June 25, 1875: "One day last week, I had a woeful day of headache, nausea and malaise, which left me as weak as a sea anemone at low water. Since then there has been no improvement."

The diary, kept in large blank books, now bound in four morocco volumes, runs to nearly four and a half million words. Strong said nothing about the work to his friends; had its contents been divulged he would have had few friends left. He was not a kind critic. His family realized, when he died, that, before the material could be published, they and their world would have to vanish. For 50 years the diary was "closely guarded"; another 25 were to elapse before it found a pair of editors who appreciated its literary and historical value and were willing to undertake the mammoth task of cutting it to reasonable proportions—about a million words—writing notes, bridging omissions and preparing it for a wide audience; not, unfortunately, wide enough, since this set of four books costs $35. On the whole the editing is admirable. The notes are instructive and often entertaining; each volume carries an excellent index, a "dramatis personae" for principal characters, and a number of contemporary photographs. Considering the price, there might have been a more generous allotment of pictures, especially scenes of New York, which are inadequately represented. Also, the abridgment sometimes results in the failure to complete an exciting, alas, even a scandalous episode. But altogether Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey have performed their task with so much devotion and intelligence that you are left with no doubt that this is one of the great diaries, a peer of the most celebrated examples of a difficult and fascinating art.

Strong had the qualities of a great diarist. These, as Nevins says in his biographical forward, are "both rare and peculiar." He was a part of his world, yet withdrawn from it and above it. He was shy, principled and vehemently prejudiced. He was a snob and a friendly man, a social climber and a despiser of social climbers. He was independent, tough-minded, skeptical and religious. He was loyal to his class and had a "horror of change," yet he was fierce in his condemnation of greed, the misuse of wealth and exploitation. He was without self-pity but a hypochondriac; lofty in outlook but tormented by ambition, material concerns and petty rebuffs; outspoken but politic; rational but superstitious. It was the mixture of his nature no less than his brilliance as an observer and recorder that produced wonderful results. He saw men and events from the lonely corner of his contradictoriness with amusement, contempt, rage and sympathy; he remembered what he saw and reported it vividly, but not unselfconsciously, with his quill (later, gold) pen in a "minute hand, beautifully regular, fine lined and clear."

One is struck repeatedly by his rampant prejudices. He hated, at various times, Catholics, Negroes, Jews, politicians, Frenchmen, Britons, immigrants, Southerners, Northerners; and, at all times, Irishmen. Southern aristocrats are the "barbarous, blustering, lynching, women-flogging chivalry"; South Carolina is a "pestilent little state . . . mad with metaphysics and self-conceit, gasconading itself day by day into greater wrath"; the Irish are the "brutal Irishy," "ferocious human pigs," "pediculous Celtic bog-trotters, blackguards and scum"; the Pilgrim Fathers "are great humbugs"; the bulk of New York city's population is "the loaferage." He had little use for men who were not "gentlemen." The A. T. Stewarts, the Lorillards, and the Whitneys were vulgar merchants; the Vanderbilts, Fiskes, and Belmonts were unspeakable. He esteemed his doctor, "dear old Van Buren," "not only because he is wise in therapeutics but because he is so thoroughbred a gentleman"; Edwin Booth in the role of Hamlet plays his part "well, very well—his readings are good and carefully studied; his bearing is that of a gentleman, even in his ambiguous dealings with poor dear Ophelia"; it was important to make plain to England and France that "the war against rebellion is not waged by the rabble of the north, or by politicians, but that the intelligent, cultivated, gentlemanly caste sustains it." He was apt to change his mind weekly about Lincoln: but he came to respect finally his "evident integrity and simplicity of purpose. . . . He is a barbarian, Scythian, yahoo, or gorilla in respect of outside polish (for example, he uses 'humans' as English for *homines*) but a most sensible, straightforward, honest old codger." I wonder what Lincoln thought of Strong.

Wherever one opens these volumes, there is certain to be a quotable passage.

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At 15 he debated the question "whether trade unions are beneficial or not. Everyone took the negative, so I volunteered on the affirmative, though utterly against my conscience." At 17 he noted, "The King of England's dead, and so long live Queen Victoria! who will do quite as well, I dare say. She'll be a fool if she marries. . . . A mere nominal queenship—and actual cyphership—is a state she'll keep clear of, if she has the independent spirit of a cockroach." He was rarely free of melancholy for more than a day or two; a prolonged bad period occurred in his late twenties: "this blighting, paralyzing, disgraceful, hideous, unspeakable disease of nervous dejection and instability that has been down upon me like ten thousand tons of granite for the last two years." The year following this entry he married "little Ellen Ruggles, a noble little girl." Little Ellen Ruggles was, as befit her time, sex and station, forever succumbing to vapors and fainting spells; but G. T. adored her, she was a fine hostess (she made a great impression on Gen. and Mrs. U. S. Grant) and she bore him three fine sons. His descriptions of persons, of fires, of concerts, of city streets and views, of the weather, of endless meetings of Columbia's trustees, are never tedious, often perfectly evocative of moment and mood. Christmas in 1852 was a "squashy wet day;"

"*January 28, 1863:* Active snowstorm today. Snow sloppified as it fell, till about three p.m. when the streets began to whiten. Now 10:30 p.m. I hear the tinkle of snow or sleet against the library window panes, the plash of thawing snow from the roof, and the fitful wail of the east wind. The outlook over Gramercy Park is white and ghastly, and carriages roll by with a wintry muffled sound"; "At three o'clock [this morning] I was waked by a furious alarm of fire which seemed so near and so terrible that I roused the old gentleman and we bundled on our clothes and made streaks"; "I never saw such a scene as Peck Slip presented: the store extending from South to Front Streets was burning like a volcano, one body of fire from top to bottom . . . it was quite a showy affair: the fire reflected on the snow and lighted up the masts and rigging of the ships, the groups of firemen on the docks with their engines and lamps, the crowd and bustle in front of the buildings"; [Liszt's *Lamento e Trionpho*, performed by the Philharmonic] was expressed by dreary phrases on the celli and double basses that seemed suggestive of a cow in a strange lane seeking an abducted calf and seeking it in vain"; "To Fifty-ninth Street this afternoon (Oct. 1867), traversing for the first time the newly opened section of Madison Avenue between Fortieth Street and the college; a rough and ragged track as yet, and hardly a thoroughfare, rich in mudholes, goats, pigs, geese and stramonium. Here and there Irish shanties 'come out' (like smallpox pustules), each composed of a dozen rotten boards and a piece of stove-pipe for a chimney"; "Steam whistles of the East River ferryboats, signalling each other, are faintly audible, like the cries of night birds"; "Columbia College trustees met this afternoon. Mr. Zbrowski writes from Paris resigning his seat once more, and we accepted his resignation. So I hope we are at length finally rid of that insufferable noodle"; "[A Southern refugee woman . . . now a member] of the harlotry of the city tried to seduce (General) Burnside the other day at Washington and nearly succeeded, but as she was turning down the gas he remembered Molly [Mrs. Burnside] and fled the room"; "Mrs. Camilla Hoyt grows stouter than is becoming. . . . She is absolutely gorgeous to behold, though without much expression, if any. A model of her superb head in wax, under a glass case, would be just as good as the original."

On politics, on human vanities, on cholera, on the Civil War, on the Tweed Ring, on steamship and railroad disaster, on the waifs and derelicts of the city, on the manners of the "gig respectability," on his own fears and self-reproaches and foibles—on all these matters and on so much more Strong's diary is an inexhaustible cabinet of treasure. A rich and moving book; I enjoyed it enormously, and I am cheered by the thought that somewhere in the Union League Club someone may even now be recording furtively the events of our astonishing time.

TRIAL BY TRANSLATIONS

by Jacques Barzun

THE TRANSLATION of lyric poetry into another language yields at best tolerable verse or rhythmical prose. We use the product either as a trot or as a record of the original's ostensible subject-matter. But the translation of dramatic or epic poetry can be made to carry over into the borrowed tongue something more, something of the poetic *conception* which makes the original worth translating; for in drama and epic the ostensible subject-matter is common, not to say commonplace, and it does not wholly depend for its transfiguration upon the peculiar form of words and syntax. This is another way of saying that action—what happens and how it happens—can be poetic in itself and that this poetry will survive a good deal of verbal distortion. The events in Sophocles' *Antigone*, the personal and political affairs of Hamlet, impress us as poetry in no matter what language we meet them.

THE CHIEF PLAYS OF CORNEILLE Princeton; $5).

But as one says this, one is bound to notice that no example from French literature pops into one's mind. The well-read English or American reader is likely to be left unmoved by Racine, Molière, and the Song of Roland. And when he is moved by Corneille or Victor Hugo, it is usually to mild derision. Against this the only possible argument is: try them in French, see the plays acted at the Comédie Française.

For this special situation of the French classic drama there are several reasons. The first and most important is that its actions take place not in the world but in an abstract, Platonic sort of place, where the conflict is not among people so much as among concepts. Thoughts and desires become propositions. The few worldly facts that are referred to serve to limit and hedge in possibilities, rather than to lend verisimilitude and complicate action. "All the world's a stage" should be said of the French, not the Shakespearean tragedies.

From this comes the second reason for the oddity of French drama; the characters can scarcely be said to speak,

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they challenge, harangue, or confute one another. And to make a "natural" response still more difficult, the classic verse form in which these orations are delivered is hard to distinguish from prose for any one who does not know the language thoroughly and as a literary instrument.

In these circumstances, almost any translator of French drama is a species of hero: he is attempting the impossible for the sake of the ungrateful. Mr. Lacy Lockert, who has sharpened his tools on the *Inferno* of Dante and four plays of Racine, now gives us six of Corneille: *The Cid*, *Horace*, *Cinna*, *Polyeucte*, *Rodogune* and *Nicomède*. Like most books published by the Princeton Press, this is a handsome volume, grateful to the hand and the eye, and physically suitable to its contents.

Mr. Lacy Lockert's preliminary remarks show that he knows exactly what obstacles he is expected to meet. His reasons for choosing blank verse, largely end-stopped on a weak syllable and occasionally riming, are excellent. So is the judgment shown in handling the proper names. But the exclusion of the comedy *The Liar* seems inconsistent with the plan to offer not simply Corneille at his best but an all-around Corneille, good and bad as well as seduced by various types of subjects.

Mr. Lockert's introduction explains this little puzzle by making it evident that he is rather less than devoted to his author. He grants Corneille some good points as a playwright able to develop characters and as a poet occasionally endowed with the sacred fire, but *The Cid* is the only work he is willing to call a great play. Alluding to *Horace*, he says: "From rigidity, Corneille passes in *Cinna* to frigidity," and he quotes detached phrases in French to support the assertion. They support it, of course, as any products of dissection will support this species of criticism. For a long time Shakespeare was shown by similar means to be the dramatist of the horrible. I would undertake on the same terms to prove any play absurd. Plays—all plays—are idiotic contrivances, and the "rational" argument which demonstrates the absurdity of opera by pointing out that kings do not usually lead armies to war with an *aria da capo* will also demonstrate the rigidity and frigidity of every masterpiece in the classic genre. The habits engendered by the reading and criticising of novels are fatal to the criticism of stylised drama.

To say this is not to declare Corneille infallible—far from it. It is merely to suggest the futility of attributing damning characteristics to any work which our very concern with it puts forward as a work of art. Traditional acceptance is not incumbent on later comers, but the rejection which is their right should be whole-hearted. It's always painful to see the curate toying with his bad egg.

Turning now to Mr. Lockert's performance as a translator, I cannot help finding in it also the traces of his imperfect sympathy with the poet. The present version is indeed lucid and exact and these virtues make the volume useful as a companion to readers uncertain of their French. But the text is often prosy—

"A whole life's effort canceled in one moment!" . . .

"Is it over, Julia?" . . .

"Let us now turn our thoughts from this grim subject"—and imaginative equivalents of Cornelian thunder and eloquence are rare. Mr. Lockert says that the speeches in these plays resemble the prose of the Greek orators, I am inclined to think Latin rhetoric would offer a closer comparison if, as I believe, it implied the power to evoke admiration and assent in spite of visible artifice. The artifice is in fact what elicits the admiration, and to this day the French are not put off but aroused by this violation of the rule of *ars celare artem*.

Yet it is toward this rule that Mr. Lockert seems to be working by repeated injections of quite modern Anglo-American simplicity. For example, the Cid concludes his long account of the victory he won over the Moors by a verbal stress of antithesis: "And the combat ended for lack of combatants." Mr. Lockert tones this down to "And thus the combat ended, There being none to fight."

Again, a character in *Horace* challenges her husband with the words: "Go find your like among more perfect souls than I." Here as before I do not mean to suggest that my wording is manageable, much less preferable to Mr. Lockert's; I use it solely to point out a desired intention which I do not find realised in the version: "Find more perfect people to imitate thee." In a word, there should be a completeness, a finality in every important utterance, which suggests the rostrum even more than the stage. That it is possible in English is shown by Dryden's heroic couplets. We may nowadays dislike the result, get tired of the neatness and the clicking, but that has nothing to do with the translator's obligation to reproduce the effect he knows his author was producing.

Still applying this test, I must regret that Mr. Lockert embroiled himself with thee's and thou's which inevitably lead to "shouldst," "counselest," "suspectest;" and less inevitably tempt to horrors like "thou'dst," and "Withheldest." No one objects to "hath" and "'gainst" in a classic translation, but the French *tu* goes with the simplest forms and easiest sounds—just the reverse of English—so that the awkward second-person verbs keep the reader still farther off from any inkling of the recurrent melody of the original poem.

How or where this melody is to be found is another subject for which I have no space here. Let me only suggest this: take the clear and faithful Lockert version as a guide, open your French Corneille and use as touchstones in the manner advocated by Matthew Arnold these two lines:

Si vous l'aimez encor, quittez cette espérance,
Que deux fois en un jour il change de croyance.

The first line is exquisite music, the second is pedestrian verse—and neither is prose. Having read with an open ear, perhaps at the end of any of these six tragedies you will not only have grasped the interplay of feeling and reasoning, but you will have recognized in the "wooden" heroes and heroines the figures of the incredible yet historic persons who stalk across the veracious pages of Saint-Simon.

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ICARUS IN EASTCHEAP

by Arthur Mizener

MARLOWE'S REPUTATION has had its ups and downs and, like his language and perhaps his personality, they have been extreme. The last peak was reached with the Victorians, when Marlowe's passionately ambitious heroes were identified with Victorian liberalism and seen as early believers in progress and "the spirit of man." As these beliefs waned, the Marlowe who was supposed to stand for them did too; since then he has been pretty much the private concern of a few belated Victorians like John Bakeless.

In this Marlowe's fate has been that of his age. The Romantic Movement "rediscovered" Elizabethan and Jacobean drama—Shakespeare excepted; the Victorians edited the texts and established the critical reputations. By and large, therefore, the Elizabethan dramatists have remained for us what the Victorians found them—sometimes to an extent which is astonishing: Professor Levin's late colleague, Professor Kittredge, great scholar though he was, taught Shakespeare from expurgated texts and the Variorum, though it prints a great deal of comment on Lear's "Whose face between her forks presages snow," shows a positive genius for avoiding the line's plain sense. The Victorian moralistic condemnation of Beaumont and Fletcher has hardly been touched by Professor Wallis's book; Jonson is still, for all of Mr. Eliot and Professor Knights, the dull dramatist of humors; and Marlowe is still Swinburne's rebel "with morning in his eyes." Even Matthew Arnold— "Uncle Matthew, who do you always look so gloomy?" — went Swinburnian about that Victorian Shakespeare who did not, like others, abide our question. We are put off these writers by their Victorian reputations.

This discouragement of our interest is particularly unfortunate because we could use an understanding of the Elizabethan dramatists. Few ages can have been so provincial in their tastes for past literatures as we; the Victorians were men of the world compared to us. Since our obsession is the metaphysicals, the best way out of it is probably the Elizabethans or Milton, and though Milton was a greater writer than most Elizabethan dramatists, they appear more available. It is a fine thing, then, when so learned and acute a man as Professor Levin attempts a book about Marlowe which, without foregoing learning's aid to understanding, is a frank attempt to reevaluate Marlowe. Professor Levin's contention, as his title suggests, is that Marlowe's career is a consistent exploitation of hyperbole and that, since hyperbole is "rather a figure of thought than a figure of speech, it relates Marlowe's speech to his thought, his manner to his matter." Thus each of Marlowe's plays embodies some form of human aspiration stretched to its limit. Tamburlaine and Barabas exemplify the will to power, the first as Machiavelli's lion, the second as his fox. Edward II exemplifies the appetite for sensation, and Faustus the zeal for knowledge. Professor Levin gives an impressive account of these preferences and of Marlowe's apparent motives for exploiting them. He is convinced that from first to last Marlowe was out of sympathy with any notion that such aspirations may be self-defeating (the "watery palates" inadequate to "love's thrice repurèd nectar," as Troilus puts it), or, for all their splendor, out of accord with the nature of things.

He is greatly helped to this consistent view by the order in which he takes the plays: *Tamburlaine, The Jew of Malta, Edward II, Doctor Faustus.* What little evidence there is for dating Marlowe's plays seems to suggest a different order: *Tamburlaine, Doctor Faustus, The Jew of Malta, Edward II.* The order is not important in itself; the usual one does, however, suggest a view of *The Jew of Malta* very different from Professor Levin's; namely, that it is a satiric reduction of the attitude of Faustus, a demonstration of what happens when one becomes convinced that the earthly glories of Faustus' imagining are in fact sordid and ugly. *The Jew of Malta* is certainly persistent in satirizing Marlowe's earlier passages of towering eloquence on earthly delights, as for example when Ithamore, the shoddy crook, speaking to the cynical whore Bellamira, paraphrases Faustus' address to Helen and ends with a mockery of Marlowe's most famous lyric on the joys of love:

Thou in these Groues, by *Dis* aboue,
Shalt liue with me and be my loue.
By Dis aboue indeed.

The usual order also suggests that perhaps *Edward II* is what another critic has called it, merely "the essence of what happened," a skillful exercise in reducing historical narrative to manageable dramatic proportions. Professor Levin has various rather desperate expedients for dealing with the apparent incoherence of the play, but the most obvious explanation seems to be that, scene by scene, Marlowe presents his characters as Holinshed, his source, presents them; for Holinshed himself drew on authorities with varying sympathies and is inconsistent at the same places as Marlowe. Apart from Marlowe's familiar delight in Gandymedes and a few momentary wry ironies, *Edward II* apparently has no ordering attitudes toward its subject. And where, after the disillusionment of *The Jew of Malta* (if *Edward II* does come after it), was Marlowe to go for an ordering attitude?

The usual order of the plays suggests that the answer to this question comes with *Doctor Faustus.* On this view, *Doctor Faustus* is an example of *virtu* overcome, not by Fortune, but by nature itself and so represents an almost intolerable tension between Tamburlaine's delight in the world and the cause in nature for the Jew's despair. It is thus a genuine and tragic realization that ambition is the last infirmity of noble mind. In his pride of intellect Faustus says, "Come, I thinke hell's a fable"; and says it to Mephistophilis, who stands before him in all the horror as well as all the glory of one come direct

THE OVERREACHER: A STUDY OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, by Harry Levin (Harvard Press; $4).

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from hell. The whole play depends, as does this moment, on Marlowe's postulation of a nature which includes, not merely Fortune and death as does Tamburlaine's world, but eternities of heaven and hell and those wages of sin which Faustus shrugs aside with his casual "che sera, sera." Faustus' longing for luxury is magnificent, but his realization of it is a fraud. "Was this the face that lancht a thousand shippes?" It was; but it does not exist again; all Faustus can know now is an illusion of it. Helen is one of those thoughts of past time which Raleigh once said are like the flames of hell.

Professor Levin's learning and skill do not, it seems to me, carry over to his conception of the plays, so that his Marlowe turns out too little a poet and too much a man like any twentieth-century liberal, concerned with geopolitics, imperialism, the spread of realpolitik, and the secret shame of the desire to be loved. Perhaps this failure is explained by the curious way he sometimes uses his learning. He has, for one thing, odd random outbursts of textbook commonplaces which have little visible bearing on the immediate subject. Perhaps he has because this book was written as lectures. But he has equally abrupt flights into the commonplaces of incongruous kinds of learning, as when he gets around the hopeless incoherence of Isabell in *Edward II* by describing her as "a split personality" who displays "manic-depressive inconsistency." Inexplicable betrayals of the integrity of the plays as plays, like this one, are not infrequent.

This way of using his learning also affects the style of the book, a version of the academic rococo of which another of Professor Levin's late colleagues, John Livingston Lowes, was the last great practitioner. The most striking characteristic of this style is a learned but irrelevant play of literary allusion: "Nature imitates art so ruthlessly [Oscar Wilde] that Marlowe's life became an Atheist's tragedy [Cyril Tourneur] . . . After such knowledge, what forgiveness? [Eliot]" It also emphasizes overdeveloped metaphors and these occasionally come to grief, as when Professor Levin tells us that "a broad indebtedness to previous studies may be subsumed by referring the reader to Samuel A. Tannenbaum's bibliography." Professor Levin intensifies the effect of this style by a casualness of composition unknown to Professor Lowes. He is fond of dangling constructions ("Nor was the road from Italy as open as it may seem when retrospectively viewed"), of polite passives like the one used to describe his indebtedness to previous scholarship, and of a queer mixture of colloquial and inflated diction ("fascination with," "intrigued by," "incisively molded," "bereft of parallels").

Some lack of rigor, some misplaced respect for a casual kind of dash, is at work in both the style and the argument of Professor Levin's book and limits its effectiveness. In allowing it to do so, he is most unjust to himself, for no man in our generation of scholars is more learned or more capable, if he would get down to it, of the kind of critical imagination which is needed to make Marlowe and his contemporaries available to us once more.

THE WORLD OF WORDS

by Kathleen Raine

IT IS FORTUNATELY not necessary to say, in a country where Mr. Empson's work has received so much intelligent recognition, that this is one of the most important works of criticism produced by his generation. William Empson is I. A.

THE STRUCTURE OF COMPLEX WORDS, by William Empson (New Directions; $5).

Richards' most distinguished disciple, and the book that made his name—*Seven Types of Ambiguity*—was first begun as an essay for his tutor when Mr. Empson abandoned mathematics for the scarcely less symbolic school of "scientific" criticism founded by Richards in Cambridge (England) during the middle 'twenties. *Complex Words* assumes familiarity with the books and theories of Professor Richards. It is only fair to say that a good half of this book requires a trained intellect; but then it is criticism of just this kind that sets a standard that should always be kept in view.

The chapters on linguistics are difficult to follow not because the writing is muddled or vague but because the reasoning is close and demands an unusual effort of holding in mind several notions simultaneously. We are not allowed to fall back on unconscious processes and obscure "feelings" about poetry, for the author's contention is that, when these feelings come to be examined they are found to have precise points of reference. It is like using a high-power microscope on a tissue whose structure, invisible to the naked eye, nevertheless determines the forms we normally see. Mr. Empson's defense of "the fool consciousness" against vague immensities should be as heartening as it is strong. The idea of an internal grammar for single words, as well as for sentences, is an extension of his earlier thesis showing that ambiguity may be a source not of uncertainty but of enrichment of meaning. The system is elaborate and precise enough to be applied by some future maker of dictionaries. The major sense of a complex word may stand, for example, in the relation of subject to implicit secondary meanings that act as predicate, or vice versa—as when we speak of the saddle of a mountain, the idea of a horse's saddle is present in the background.

There are five types of these possible interrelations of major and secondary meanings (all very difficult to bear in mind for long at a time unless one has a gift for this kind of thinking) further modified by implications, moods and emotions, to be indicated by appropriate symbols. The system is offered as something that anyone can use, and the author clearly would wish it to be generally adopted—"granting that you must first know the spirit of the author or the period, I think that to write down the equations of the key words which carried it is really the quick and natural way to sum it up."

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Here a warning should be given. One can imagine the word-counting and tabulating likely to go on, among post-graduate students especially, which can at best be a mere starting-point for essays comparable with Mr. Empson's on *Wit in the 'Essay on Criticism,' All in 'Paradise Lost'*, on *Sense in 'Measure for Measure,' 'Jane Austen,' and 'The Prelude.'* Few of these enthusiasts will have at their disposal the enormously wide context of knowledge from which Mr. Empson draws, still less his gift for rapid and inspired selection from it. But even that is not all. Mr. Empson's thought is the product of a particular phase of culture, soon, one fears, likely to become extinct. It is the complexity and range of this inherited culture that he is exploring by means of symbols which cannot, of themselves, create the range. (It is of course arguable that even in a narrower field of application they could still be useful tools.) The chapter on *Sense* is not; like that on the *Fool in Lear*, one of the high-spots of the book, but the means employed are the same—the building up of a complicated system, like a spider's web suspended between points of reference whose various threads are attached to Erasmus, Russell and Wittgenstein, Buddhist metaphysics, George Orwell and the New English Dictionary, Freud, the Behaviourists, Pauline theology and more besides. On none of these does he make more depend than it will carry; nor does he forget the co-existence of all the rest while considering any one strand of thought. It is the type of balanced thinking—seldom carried on consciously—made explicit, but still I suspect inimitable, and perhaps just as puzzling as English empiricism is in action.

Mr. Empson is at his best with Shakespeare, who demands just such a range and complexity of mind as the author possesses; no doubt in Pope "the drag of the drawing-room" serves as a limiting factor; in Keats, the lack of an educated sense of words does the same. He is less good on Wordsworth *(Sense in 'The Prelude')* from temperamental lack of sympathy no doubt with a poetic theory that gives more place to feeling than is wanted by a critic setting out to make the processes conscious. I do not know what Mr. Empson would say about a language of images, pre-Verbal so Freud has said, and used as such by poets like Blake. His chapter on *The Primitive Mind* seems the weakest part of the book; and although some of his detailed objections to Owen Barfield's theory of the "rich profound ancient total meanings" of words, may be just, I wonder whether Professor Richards himself is not implying something similar when he writes of "the ore-like character of Chinese thought" where the identification of ideas which to the western mind are distinct is in fact a non-separation, "a meaning which includes, or treats as one, ingredients which for us may be distinct and separate," adding that:

> we should be rash to suppose that any blend we can achieve by abstraction and synthesis will really reproduce a thought that was not arrived at by these processes. We can come nearer to it perhaps by reversing our mental activity and going back from our defined and articulate abstractions to concrete imagining.

Mr. Empson's main argument is that the process, if made conscious, would be as described. Nevertheless there may be a real difference between the merely felt and the consciously known: do we, perhaps, feel less when we know more? Or do we feel more? Or differently? In any case, "Speech is not mere blowing of breath. It is intended to say something, only what it is intended to say cannot yet be determined. Is there speech indeed, or is there not? Can we, or can we not, distinguish it from the chirping of young birds?"

A POET AND HER LETTERS

by Katherine Garrison Chapin

THE PERSONALLY CONDUCTED excursions into the literary past of the twenties and thirties continue. It is improbable that this volume of Edna Millay's letters, carefully selected and affectionately edited by her friend Allan Ross Macdougall, will serve to change the judgment either of those who remember the glamour surrounding her, and believe her to be an immortal poet of the English language, or of a later generation who dismiss her as a facile writer of romantic "attitudes". But this vivid record cannot fail to send the reader back to her poems with one or two sharpened perceptions.

LETTERS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (Harper; $5).

A collection of letters from one who coined the word "epistolophobia" to express her distaste for writing them, is no substitute for a biography. It is too one-sided. Yet what emerges is the portrayal of a personality and of her times; of an attractive, gifted young girl —volatile, witty, hard-working—who brought her "diary, rubbers and darning cotton" to New York in 1913. She became a woman who shared all the neo-Victorian attitudes to life, the romantic, the light hearted gallantry, the courage, dramatized and sustained by her friends' affection, amounting at times to adulation.

Beneath some affectations she possessed fearlessness in battling for her convictions. Her letters defending the position of Elinor Wylie, accepting reluctantly a "woman's doctorate" from Columbia University, and protesting to Governor Fuller on the Sacco-Vanzetti case stand apart from the sometimes girlishly tiresome chronicles to her mother and sisters.

It was her mother who encouraged both her writing and her study of music. Music itself and the music of the spoken word strongly influenced her poetry. She was always memorizing poems—Keats, Blake, Gerard Manly Hopkins—for her own delight. She was an ardent reader of Latin verse: "When I become so exhausted by my own work that I can neither think nor see . . . the only thing that can straighten me out is to read Latin poetry." French was another language in which she found discipline and solace. Her painstaking work on the Baudelaire translations is

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reflected in her letters to George Dillon, her collaborator, ending with the exasperated: "I must give myself time to get the final proofs back to Harper's and time to have a nervous breakdown." That she once seriously considered a stage career emphasizes the dramatic impulse behind her conception of a poem.

Although she corresponded with many writers—Wytter Bynner, Arthur Davison Ficke, Edmund Wilson and others—there emerges no picture of any person except herself. Yet a new perception of her literary integrity and painstaking craftsmanship is revealed in her self-criticism and comment to her publisher. She forbids Harper's to publish a volume of her plays because it is her opinion that *Aria da Capo* only has any value. She will not agree to the publication of a volume of her love sonnets, with a "mellow foreword in retrospect," a suggestion she riddles with sarcasm, saying that she is "one of the few poets . . . who refuses to make in print any statement about any poem she has published." Even before the appearance of *Make Bright the Arrows*, which was later vigorously attacked by contemporary critics, she says frankly that it was intended for propaganda and not poetry. Under the threatening Nazi destruction of the values she cherished, she wrote: "I am willing to give my reputation as a poet . . . the dearest thing in life I possess . . . to be a help to my country."

Out of these letters emerges a reckless and generous personality, consuming her life without hesitation, yet never abandoning the integrity and concentration of her work.

STUDIES OF HOELDERLIN AND UNAMUNO

by Dudley Fitts

THESE TWO recent additions to the *Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought* (edited in England, distributed in this country by Yale) re-enforce one's opinion that in this series of little books something exciting and valuable is going on. One is struck first of all by their *multum in parvo* quality: how unusual it is to find a critic, especially a literary critic, who can say so much, and so cogently, in so little space.

HOELDERLIN: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE, VISION, AND POETRY, by L. S. Salzberger (Yale; $2.50).

UNAMUNO: A WRITER'S CONCERN WITH THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN SPAIN AND OF HUMANITY, by Arturo Barea Yale; $2.50).

Neither of these studies runs to much more than 60 pages; yet in the *Hoelderlin*, at least, we feel as though we had been given a reasoned Life, Aesthetic, and Critique. The *Unamuno* is less satisfactory in its criticism; but even so, it is a remarkably full book. Sleight of hand? A happy *tour de force?* Not indicated by investigation: simply thorough understanding, enlightened scholarship, and good writing.

The Spanish poet philosopher, novelist, politician, scholar, essayist and university administrator, who in his venerable years looked exactly like an owl and sometimes wrote like one, is more significant as an idea, a portent, than as an original player in any of his varied rôles. The German mystical poet is significant chiefly as an artist—indeed, I am tempted to say "as a technician." No recent writer has caught the Spanish imagination more surely than the revolutionary old conservative (or conservative old revolutionary) who started out as a fiery young professor of Greek and ended, almost half a century later, first as an adherent of Franco, and then after only a few months, as Franco's disillusioned and dying prisoner. And Hoelderlin, rediscovered in the '30s, has become for the younger writers of England and America something of the ancestor that Poe was for the French Symbolists. Unamuno is by far the more powerful force; one can only conjecture how Hoelderlin might have developed if the last forty years of his life had not been darkened and rendered unproductive by madness.

These books, eminently satisfactory as they are, show an odd disparity in the weighting of material. Señor Barea's study is largely concerned with the philosophical development of Unamuno. The writing itself is scanted. I do not mean that the book is top-heavy or lopsided: on the contrary, the expository passages, the re-creation of the various ambients in which Unamuno moved, are brilliantly handled. Yet considering the fact that he is concerned here with a figure who was primarily a man of letters, after all, it seems a pity that the author has limited himself so straitly in his literary criticism. *Del sentimiento tragico* (1913) is one of the decisive books of our century, and Señor Barea is right in devoting so much time to it; but that astonishing sequence of poems *El Cristo de Velasquez*, which tells us so much not only about Unamuno, but about the Spanish set of mind in general, whether positively or negatively—this work is not even mentioned in the Bibliography! The omission seems almost unbelievable.

Mr. Salzberger is disproportionate in a different way. He tends, especially at the beginning of his book, to ramble on—one would say interminably, if the compass were not so brief—about the concept of the poet as *vates*, as seer. That Hoelderlin saw himself as *vates* is undeniable: it accounts for much of the worst, as well as for most of the best, of his work. It is poor Poe's Israfel Complex complicating a subtler, finer intelligence. "Solomon and Hesiod, Isaiah and Plato, the writers of the Gospels and the Greek tragedies, the psalmists and Homer, all these were to Hoelderlin embodiments of a single ideal, the ideal of divine inspiration; and he had one ambition only, to join their ranks." Marvelously comic; marvelously youthful; marvelously sad. Fortunately, Mr. Salzberger soon turns from these unprofitable ecstasies to an investigation of the poetry itself. I cannot recite on Hoelderlin except to say that such of his poems as I have read have left me feeling bleak, cheated somehow, as I am left by most poet-prophets who find their inspiration in Nature and the pantheistic impulse. Yet the demonstration here—of language, of structure, meaning—is so admirable that I feel like a cad not to be more than "almost persuaded."

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VIRTUE OF FRESHNESS

THE ILL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD, by S. J. Perelman (Simon and Schuster; $2.95). THE BEST CARTOONS FROM "PUNCH" (Simon and Schuster, $3). THERE ARE LADIES PRESENT, by Helen Hokinson (Dutton; $2.75).

ANYONE who has followed the career of S. J. Perelman since the publication of his *oeuvre première*, "Dawn Ginsberg's Revenge," has been privileged to witness the growth of a master in the process of marking out and stocking his own inviolate preserve. Perelman has created a genre, established a set of formulae and confirmed a point of view adding up to something as individual as a trade mark. In this new collection of anarchic hilarities, the only curbs on this reader's delight are two. The first is a tendency to maintain at all costs, especially at the cost of comedy as *situation*, a barrage of precision-tooled language so thickly studded with allusion and so rapid as to produce monotony. The second is his self-indulgent reminiscence into the extra-curricular reading of his puberty, resulting in those long-winded pieces he groups under the title, "Cloudland Revisited." These latter are a sad waste of a lavish and otherwise resourceful talent. The literary objects of his attention—"The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu," "Wife of the Centaur," "Leonie of the Jungle," etc.—are horses long dead; laboriously, he must exhume them, and then pump life into them before he can attack them. At some point in the pumping-up process, Perelman recognizes the trouble when he says, "To synopsize this kind of ectoplasmic yarn with any degree of fidelity would be to connive at criminal boredom." To be bored with Perelman is to feel that loss of faith which heralds despair. Fortunately, only five of the "Cloudland" pieces have found their way into the collection.

Like most funny men, Perelman inveterately sees himself as the victim, especially of the absurdities in *Harper's Bazaar, Printers' Ink, Modern Screen* and other journals that report activities on some margin of Civilization As We Know It. He reads with a complete suspension of disbelief—and then writes as if reality might never again close in. He is perhaps unique in that he can be pop-eyed and analytical at the same moment. He threads his way, ferret-like, through the pint-sized horrors of modern civilization (*and* Roget's *Thesaurus*) with the adroitness of a Jean Valjean or a Harold Lloyd. "*Personne ici* except us chickens," he tells us, and we almost believe him. Yet a thousand disguises still cannot conceal his sane and liberal intelligence. Because we have confidence in that, we allow him to take us anywhere—from the "Nesselrode to Jeopardy" to "Nirvana Small by a Waterfall."

The Best Cartoons from Punch was put together with an American audience in mind and should go a long way toward disproving the stodginess we tend to associate with British humor. If the editors have made one mistake, it is in giving us too much of what we know—progressive school children, abstract art, psychiatry, women drivers, modern furniture—and not enough of their own tea-cosy drollery. The obvious comparison these cartoons suggest is with those of *The New Yorker*. Many of them go far beyond that magazine's offerings in sheer zaniness, while others represent a sort of visual non-sequitur almost entirely absent from *The New Yorker*. There are many similarities, among them the work of a man named Sprod, who gives a surprisingly Steinberg-like treatment to fussy country houses and their owners in both the manner of his drawing and in the tenor of the captions. Perhaps their most striking artist is the famous Emmet; we have no one like him in America. Invariably in his work, however, the discrepancy between the caption and the proliferating minutiae of the drawing is too wide to result in anything funny. He is at his best when he allows his pen to run away with him to produce lop-sided castles, railway trains, villages, and walrus-faced proprietors of silly enterprises, without having to illustrate some verbal point.

All in all, this is a wonderfully varied and funny collection with the very welcome virtue of freshness.

The late Helen E. Hokinson's new collection gives us cartoons dating all the way back to 1927. Her Scarsdale matron had not then emerged in full panoply. Instead, we have such characters as the Anita Loos-type flapper in front of a shop window who looks gushingly into a baby-carriage and remarks to her friend: "A baby right here on Fifth Avenue! Isn't this an amazing city!" It was a long way from these girls to her best girls—to the one, for instance, who says to the man in the travel bureau: "Don't forget I want to come back by way of my sister-in-law." But when she had finally taken the shape in which we know her—breasting high into adventures from which she is eternally protected, breathing the upper air of the arts with John Mason Brown, or vigorously applauding the secretary's report: "It gives me great pleasure to announce that the rummage sale will definitely result in John Charles Thomas," she had come to stay.

The Hokinson female of the special may be absurd, but she evokes a universal nostalgia that lies just beyond

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laughter. Her tenacious innocence, her butterfly assaults against the impositions of the real world, only confirm her lucky little place in a group for which the Chase Bank is guardian angel and the Women's City Club the arena of history: "It has been moved that our recording secretary send a summary of today's discussion to Marshal Tito. Do I hear a second?"

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

ON ONE BUILT FOR TWO

THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS, by William Saroyan (Scribner's; $3).

ALTHOUGH he has always prided himself on his originality, William Saroyan's autobiography follows the standard pattern of recollection for Americans who have made good, down to the lament for the lost boyhood and the questionably sincere confession of disenchantment with success. At 44, he is the perfect object of compassion with his Cadillac ("I have driven [it] more than 100,000 miles") and his "Spanish Mansion on North Rodeo in Beverly Hills," for which they soak him $445 a month: another wretch who spurned the blessings of failure and obscurity until it was too late, and now cries out in his anguish, "Enough of night, I want the light. Enough of culture's hours, I am a peasant. Enough of feasting, I want hunger. Enough of fat, I want muscle. . . . " He is so deeply moved by his own plight that he blurts out, between tears which could float a crocodile, that his poorest visitor in the recent past "was a writer who had just sold a story to a film producer for $50,000."

His writing has always been so full of junk, it is no wonder that his few good qualities have either been overlooked or deliberately ignored by most critics. These qualities, moreover, are of an unusual order, so that even if one is aware of their existence, he may well be at a loss what to make of them. With the provision that my remarks are not to be taken as a diagnosis of the writer but as a description of his work, I should say that Saroyan at his best turns out a peculiar literary version of schizophrenia. He writes of a world of strangers and loose ends in which there is no real human contact; it is a world in motion, but the laws of motion are suspended and none of the common patterns persists. Ordinary human feelings, such as hunger and loneliness—the two with which he is most often preoccupied—are presented in a minimum of setting, a social void, in which they are laid bare of the usual associations. The attention is concentrated on the isolated action or emotion, which is in turn distorted, blown out of its common proportions, by being projected out of context. The distinctions between dream and reality, imagination and fact are blurred, and the speeches and activities of his characters are a further acting-out of the schizophrenic's lonely phantasy-life, a charade in which the fixed meaning is contactlessness. At the same time, the distortion heightens the expressive effect, and what comes through, with a good deal of whimsical charm and insight, of Saroyan's "message"—that human beings are very much alone, and that there is in them and in the surrounding world a life-energy which renders every detail of existence precious—represents a preception which is frequently absent in the more crowded "realistic" view of the universe.

But "human kind cannot bear very much reality," and Saroyan can't stand even his own. He is in constant flight from it, dodging into any old corner, striking any odd pose to get away from his few moments of truthfulness and make perish the thought that he may have been serious. He acts very much like a man who has seen something that scared him, and yet wants the credit for what he has seen; and so he lays over his schizophrenic world a set of compulsions to restore it to commercial reality, and rattles his sentimentality, self-advertisement and saving vulgarity like a shaman working off a hex. This produces a remarkable result: with the exception of a few of the plays and short stories, nothing in his writing is nearly as noteworthy as the fact which has grown up around it—that he has converted charlatanism into a literary genre by discovering a way of both asserting and denying what he sees. No

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announce publication of the first number of

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Robert Penn Warren's first long work since *World Enough and Time* is an epic poem of the South—more particularly of Kentucky—in the early years of the 19th Century. In theme *Brother to Dragons* is reminiscent of his recent novels.

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matter that he repudiates his own insight, reducing it in status to the fretwork on a cash register; it pays off. And it is a very neat trick, perhaps deserving its notoriety. One would think that the world of schizoprenia should lie out of reach of the success formula; and I can't help feeling as much a sense of surprise as of violation when I find its attenuated reality resting firmly in Saroyan's lunch hooks.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

FOUR NEW NOVELS

THE DISGUISES OF LOVE, by Robie Macauley (Random House; $3). THE LAZY ONES, by Albert Cossery (New Directions; $2.75). LOVE IS A PIE, by Maude Hutchins (New Directions; $3.50). A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS, by May Sarton (Rinehart; $2.75).

THE CAMPUS of an American college, a house in Egypt, the mind or sensibility of Mrs. Hutchins, and a country estate in Ireland are settings for these novels. In such limited vistas it is the feminine component of the quartet, Hutchins and Sarton, that provides practically all the sensibility and intelligence.

Robie Macauley has managed to disguise love very effectively indeed in his account of the unhappy extra-marital affair of a pallid psychology professor with a campus Cleopatra. The result is pretentious and hollow and might better have been entitled, "The Revelations of Immaturity." In fact the word "love" in the title, though it is meant to be ironic since all the characters are self-deceived, is in a sense a desecration, for the blindness and tartness of love can only be conveyed by mature irony not, as here, by sophomoric satire and adolescent cynicism. Thus the author has no real understanding of his subject but merely condescension, and he is at home, significantly, only with the professor's adolescent son. Much of the world's business is no doubt carried on by people as shallow and futile as the psychologist and his wife, but there is no sense in writing an ironic novel about them.

The Lazy Ones, a translation from the French of an Egyptian-born writer, is a rather grisly comedy concerning an Egyptian family, father and three sons, most of whom have decided to evade life's difficulties by returning to the womb and who spend most of their time sleeping. The champion somnolent, Galal, rises only to eat and perform natural functions. But the youngest brother, Serag, attempts to break the pattern, becomes involved with a girl, and at the conclusion of the novel starts out to get a job and "face life." At the very end, however, *he* falls asleep. By this time the reader feels the same way.

Mrs. Hutchins' *Love Is A Pie* is a collection of interior monologues and fantasies cast in dramatic form. Most of the fantasies tend to the arch and the coy—dinner hour, for example, in the home of Mormon Joseph Smith, with much "whimsy" arising out of the multiple marital relationships. But while the *tour de force* works against the authoress in the fantasies, it is one of the bases of power in the largest and most compelling of the monologues, "Innocents", which tells of the complex character and life of its female protagonist by entering into her "mind" when she is freshly born, "torn from the stem of her parent, bleeding and angry." The central meaning of "Innocents" is that "character is fate"; thus the protagonist's first assertion of will, an infant attempt at self-destruction by holding her breath, is pendant to her final suicide after an unhappy love affair. Through it all she steadily maintains her *persona*, her "innocence" as she calls it, freely and consciously adopted right from the literal start. The other monologues are not nearly so successful.

May Sarton's *A Shower of Summer Days* comes out of an older world and novelistic tradition than any of the other novels under consideration, and in its subject matter—civilized, upper-class Anglo-Irish—is reminiscent of Henry James, while its tone and attitude, a pervasive and persuasive feminism, suggest Virginia Woolf. An Anglo-Irish couple, childless, return after many years to the wife's ancestral home. Into their lives comes a young American niece, shipped to Ireland by her parents to break off a love affair. The love affair is broken off, but not before all the characters experienced anguish and pain, passion and final knowledge. As in Virginia Woolf, Sally, the girl, has her final epiphany, her revelation: "By mastering feeling, she had come to understand the meaning of discipline and its reward: freedom and power." The novel is distinguished by an incisive intelligence that never fails to see complexity and never gives in to sentimentality, and it is proof that in the right hands the traditional form and traditional subjects constitute an unexalted but exceptionally firm base for the novelist.

JOHN HENRY RALEIGH

MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS

PUBLISHERS of art books traditionally reserve their most sumptuous volumes for the Christmas season. This year is no exception. It is memorable, however, in that several of these books not only contribute to our pleasure, but also to our understanding. A rare Christmas.

The jewel in this collection is *Etruscan Painting* (Skira; $12.50). For the first time, the paintings in the burial tombs scattered throughout Central Italy have been reproduced in color. Almost everything we know of the Etruscans comes from these tombs, for they left no literature and only fragments of a language which has yet to be deciphered. We know them only through their sculpture, bronzes, vases

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and other artifacts now in the museums.

But the mystery which surrounds the Etruscans is lifted for a moment when we look at these paintings. They are so congenial to the modern eye. And we can understand Lawrence's enthusiasm which he wrote of in his *Etruscan Places.*

The text which accompanies these paintings is by Prof. Pallottino of the University of Rome. It combines something of Lawrence's intuition with the authority of great knowledge.

Spanish Painting: From Velasquez to Picasso (Skira; $17.50) concludes the history which began with a study of the Catalin frescos. This volume is dominated by the figures of Velasquez and Goya, some of whose paintings have been photographed for the first time. The color plates are of extraordinary brilliance and the camera has been used with great effect in isolating the details of several of the larger canvasses.

After the splendors of the first two volumes in the history of Italian painting, the third volume, *Italian Painting: From Caravaggio to Modigliani* (Skira; $17.50) might have been an anticlimax. Happily this is not the case. The 84 reproductions show the varied and persistent vitality of Italian art. Of special interest is the work of Magnasco whose macabre themes are painted in the nervous, free brushstrokes of modern painting. And the long section on the nineteenth century draws attention to a school which was moving in the same direction as the Impressionists. In the paintings of Fattori patches of pure color are worked into compositions of strong simplicity. And there is a painting by Signorini which anticipates Vuillard by a full forty years. Two critical essays by Lionello Venturi supplement the historical surveys by Rosabianca Skira-Venturi which are written with loving detail.

Art Treasures of the Metroplitan (Abrams; $12.50) is a notable achievement by an American publisher. It is about the best gift I can imagine for a person who simply likes to sample the riches of the history of art. An amiable, almost conversational text by the curatorial staff of the Metropolitan Museum accompanies the 130 color plates and the numerous other illustrations.

The book is also the occasion for some chauvinistic pride. Until recently the elaborate art book has been a European product. If we can judge from this and previous publications the Abrams publishing house seems determined to continue in competition with the high standards that the European publishers have set. True, their design is somewhat different, more straightforward and conventional. Their books lack some of the bravura as well as the scholarly appartus of the Skira volumes. But the quality of color reproduction in these American editions is of the first order and the texts have been excellent.

The Portfolio Edition (Abrams; $1.50) is an inexpensive series which offers ten color plates and an explanatory text. Four new titles have been recently added. The *French Impressionists* is the usual introduction to a subject which has been worked over too often; the *Utrillo* includes some fine

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selections from the painter's early work. The portfolio on *Picasso* presents his blue and rose period and augments the color plates with examples of his gravure of that time. It is, however, the *Rouault* which shows the true rewards of imagination. Jacques Maritain contributed the text to this portfolio, a luminous essay which shares his intuition of the nature of Rouault's painting.

In the assurance that the *NR* will review this work later, I will say only a few words about *Cézanne* (Abrams; $12.50). Meyer Schapiro has written a powerful introductory essay on Cézanne as well as an analysis of each of the 50 paintings which make up this volume. His criticism is remarkably tough and detailed, addressed directly to the works themselves.

KERMIT LANSNER

NOTABLE BOOKS: 1952

ART, MUSIC AND CRITICISM

Reflections on the Theatre, by Jean-Louis Barrault. Macmillan
From the Modern Repertoire, edited by Eric Bentley. University of Denver
Language as Gesture, by R. P. Blackmur. Harcourt, Brace
Great Paintings, edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker. Macmillan
The Decisive Moment, by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Simon and Schuster
Rome and a Villa, by Eleanor Clark Doubleday
Leonardo da Vinci, by Kenneth Clark. Cambridge
Music and Imagination, by Aaron Copland. Harvard
Trends in 20th Century Music, by Norman Demuth. Macmillan
The Millenium of Hieronymous Bosch, by William Fraenger. Chicago
The Lost Childhood, by Graham Greene. Viking
Forms and Functions of 20th Century Architecture. Columbia
A Composer's World, by Paul Hindemith. Harvard
The Thread of Laughter, by Louis Kronenberger. Knopf
The Common Pursuit, by F. R. Leavis. Stewart
The Overreacher, by Harry Levin. Harvard
The Responsibilities of the Critic, by F. O. Matthiessen. Oxford
Art and Technics, by Lewis Mumford. Columbia
Etruscan Paintings. Skira.
The Days Before, by Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace
English Prose Style, by Herbert Read. Pantheon
Cezanne, by Meyer Schapiro. Abrams
The Shores of Light, by Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus and Young

FICTION

Prisoner of Grace, by Joyce Cary. Harper
Doting, by Henry Green. Viking
The Old Man and the Sea, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's
The Devils of Loudun, by Aldous Huxley. Harper
The Skin, by Curzio Malaparte. Houghton Mifflin
The Loved and the Unloved, by Francois Mauriac. Pellegrini and Cudahy
The Groves of Academe, by Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace
The Man on A Donkey, by H. F. Prescott. Macmillan
Intimacy, by J. P. Sartre. New Directions
East of Eden, by John Steinbeck. Viking
The Build-Up, by W. C. Williams. Random House

POETRY AND DRAMA

The Complete Poems and Plays, by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace
Collected Poems, by Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin
Collected Poems, by Marianne Moore. Macmillan
Poems and Satires, by Robert Graves. Secker & Warburg
Collected Poems, by Edwin Muir. Faber
Collected Plays, by Sean O'Casey. St. Martin's.
The Pythoness, by Kathleen Raine. Farrar, Straus and Young
In Country Sleep, by Dylan Thomas. New Directions

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Ushant, by Conrad Aiken. Duell, Sloane and Pearce-Little Brown
Rumor and Reflection, by Bernard Berenson. Simon and Schuster
Witness, by Whittaker Chambers. Random House
Letters of Hart Crane. Hermitage House
The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover. Macmillan
Henry Irving, by L. Irving. Macmillan
Arrow in the Blue, by A. Koestler. Macmillan
Letters of Edna St. V. Millay. Harper
Rose and Crown, by Sean O'Casey. Macmillan
Midstream: Lincoln the President, by James G. Randall. Dodd, Mead
Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell: Their Correspondence. Knopf
Diaries of George Templeton Strong. Macmillan
Abraham Lincoln, by B. Thomas. Knopf.
The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg. Houghton Mifflin

HISTORY AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

The Course of Empire, by Bernard De Voto. Houghton Mifflin
Economy in National Government, by Paul Douglas. Chicago
Ethics in Government, by Paul Douglas. Harvard
American Capitalism, by J. K. Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin.
The Herblock Book. Beacon Press
A Two-Party South, by Alexander Heard. North Carolina
The Nature of Culture, by Alfred Kroeber. Chicago
Columbia Lippincott Gazetteer. Columbia
The Future of American Politics, by Samuel Lubell. Harper
The Judges and the Judged, by Merle Miller. Doubleday
The Irony of American History, by Reinhold Niebhur. Scribner's
Faces in the Crowd, by David Reisman. Yale
Speeches by Adlai Stevenson. Random House

PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION AND SCIENCE

Temptation To Be Good, by A. Powell Davies. Farrar, Straus and Young
A Land, by Jacquetta Hawkes. Random House
The Range of Reason, by Jacques Maritain. Scribner's
Leisure as the Basis of Culture, by Josef Pieper. Pantheon
Courage To Be, by Paul Tillich. Yale
The World View of Physics, by C. F. von Weizsaecker. Chicago
Gravity and Grace, by Simone Weil. Putnam
The Planets, by Harold Urey. Yale

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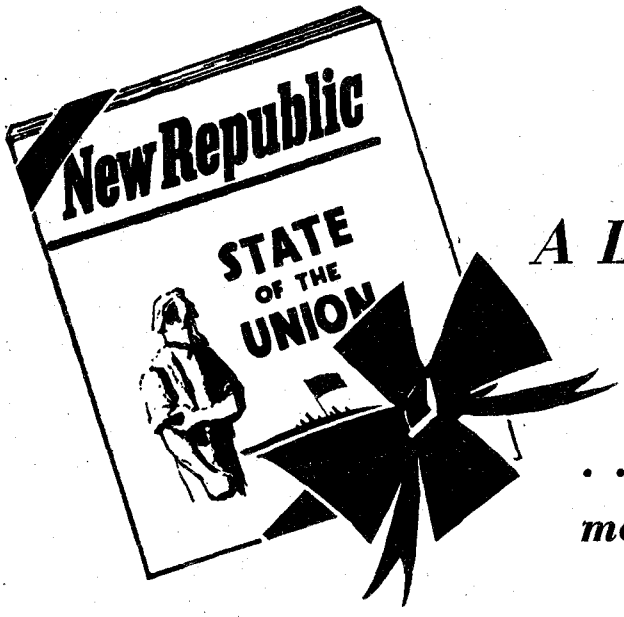

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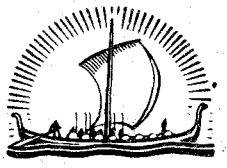

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